THE LIMA NEWS.

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AFFAIRS IN CUBA.

Gen. Gomez's Declaration Improves and Simplifies the Situation on the Island.

COMMISSIONER R. P. PORTER'S VIEWS.

The Entire Policing of the Island Should Be Done by the Cuban Soldiers Themselves.

The Bulk of the American Soldiers Should Be Taken Out of Cuba by April—Two Regiments in Each Province is Sufficient to Keep Order.

HAVANA, Feb. 4.—Mr. Robert P. Porter before sailing for Miami, Fla., made the following statement: "While the situation here has been improved and simplified by the declaration of Gen. Gomez that he will immediately take part in the pacification of Cuba, the advantage thus gained should be followed up by the American authorities. The entire policing of the island should be done by the Cubans themselves. The real police work is in fact, now in the hands of the Cuban soldiers, and law and order are well maintained. There should not be a moment's delay in the organization and equipment of these civil guards.

The bulk of the American soldiers must be taken out of Cuba by April. There is really no necessity for more than two regiments in each province to serve as a background of support for the Cuban police. In giving the best of these people employment, all the more will be left of the relief fund for those who must be helped back to the land.

The feeling of distrust between the Cubans and the Americans has been temporarily checked by the message of Gen. Gomez to President McKinley and the president's reply through Secretary Hay. If the younger military elements of both armies will now get together and complete the several schemes for policing the provinces which at this moment are awaiting crystallization the problem will be solved. Delay in this work will be fatal. If such men as Gen. Gomez; Gen. Monteagudo, of Santa Clara province; Gen. Mayia Rodriguez, of the Province of Piner Del Rio; Gen. Pedro Betancourt, of Matanzas province and others whom I know personally, will assure President McKinley and Gov. Gen. Brooke that law and order will be maintained, their pledge will be carried out at any cost.

"There is too much disposition to discuss minor details. There is too much hesitancy in bringing matters to a head. In the province of Santa Clara Monteagudo's admirable policing plan has been already put in operation, and it is one, as Gen. Leonard Wood told me yesterday, which is along right lines. The entire police work in that province, so Maj. Logan, provost marshal, informed me, has been done by Cubans since the evacuation.

"Why not take up at once and dispose of this matter? Things must be kept moving in Cuba or summer will overtake us with too many troops there. Our soldiers themselves fully realize the situation. They frankly say that their chief occupation is to guard each other while their chiefs in Washington, Havana and Remedios are exchanging confidences. The younger officers on both sides should come together and evolve preliminary policing plans and get those into working order without delay. Once this is well done, matters will take care of themselves in Cuba. At least that is my opinion."

A TERRORIZED WOMAN.

She Shoots and Kills a Man Who Tore Off Her Clothing On the Street at Sistersville in the Early Morning.

BELLAIRE, O., Feb. 4.—At 3 a. m. Friday morning at Sistersville, W. Va., on the Ohio river, south of this city, a terrible murder occurred. Harry Deffinbaugh, aged 28 years, son of John Deffinbaugh, a teamster, was shot and instantly killed on one of the most prominent streets of the town by Miss Ella Bowen, an attractive young girl, aged 20.

The young man followed her and caught her and tried to tear her clothing from her body, when she drew a 32 caliber revolver and shot him. The bullets took effect in neck, right breast and left side. He died in ten minutes on the sidewalk. The girl claims she was terrorized and did not know what she was doing. She is now in jail. Great excitement prevails.

A Quarrel Ends in Murder.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 4.—W. S. Parker, assistant secretary of the Pacific States Mutual Savings bank, was shot and probably fatally wounded Friday by Christian Reis, jr. The shooting occurred in Pardee's office. Reis and Pardee quarreled several days ago. Reis father is a prominent merchant and was city treasurer at one time.

His Resignation Called For.

SAN JUAN DE PORTO RICO, Feb. 4.—Owing to the general dissatisfaction with the conduct of the department of the interior by Dr. Carbonnell, the secretary of the department, Maj. Gen. Henry has called for his resignation, which has been tendered and accepted.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

The Spanish steamer Catalina, from Havana, has arrived at Cadiz with repatriated Spanish troops.

Friday's statement of the condition of the treasury shows: Available cash balance, $274,778,699; gold reserve, $226,992,114.

Secretary Alger has received a telegram from Gen. Ludlow, governor of the city of Havana, showing a greatly improved sanitary condition in that city.

A dispatch from Rome announces the marriage there of Miss Lillian Blauvelt, the American prima donna, to W. F. Pendleton, formerly a broker of New York city.

The senate, in executive session, confirmed Col. John H. Patterson, 20th infantry, to be brigadier general, and James Fuller McKinley to be second lieutenant of cavalry.

The Boston block, one of the principal office buildings of Minneapolis, Minn., is on fire. So far the flames have been confined to the two upper floors, the seventh and eighth.

Lewis M. Trexler, a farmer living near Wichita, Kas., dropped dead at the office of a farm loan company just as he was about to place his signature to a mortgage covering his homestead.

Two children of Will Carson, a boy and a girl, were drowned in the Uncompahgre river near Montrose, Col. They were playing on the ice and broke through. One of the bodies has been recovered.

The house committee on interstate and foreign commerce Friday directed a favorable report on the Hepburn Nicaragua canal bill, with amendments, as a substitute for the Morgan bill passed by the senate.

The house committee on civil service Friday reported favorably a bill extending to all soldiers and sailors and marines who served in the civil war a preference in the matter of appointments in the civil service.

Representative John S. Little, of Arkansas, met with a serious accident Friday afternoon. While descending the capitol steps he slipped on the ice striking on his head and rendering him unconscious. He was removed to his home.

At Chicago Jacob Schaefer defeated Eugene Carter Friday night at three-cushion caroms. The game was 100 points, Schaeffer winning out by a score of 87 for Carter. The game was long and not interesting, 181 innings being played.

Commodore John W. Philip, commander of the Brooklyn navy yard and former captain of the battle ship Texas, received from New York friends Friday night a handsome sword as a souvenir of the part he took in the naval victory of Santiago.

While no official award has been made of the bid for the repatriation of the Spanish prisoners in the Philippines, it has been practically decided to give the contract to the Companie Trans-Atlantique, otherwise known as the Spanish Transportation Co.

There is almost a positive belief among army officials that there will be a mitigation of the sentence imposed by the court-martial which tried Commissary General Eagan. While the final sentence will be severe, it is not probable that there will be a dismissal from the army.

Business failures for the week number 207, against 246 last week; 297 in the week a year ago; 305 in 1897; 338 in 1896 and 223 in 1895. Failures in the Dominion of Canada for the week number 36 as compared with 32 last week; 42 in this week a year ago; 58 in 1897; 60 in 1896 and 51 in 1895.

President Johnson and Manager Loftus will not announce the eighth city of the Western league until the National league has placed its teams. This was the decision reached Friday. Should Cleveland be dropped Loftus will take the Columbus team there; if not, it will go to Grand Rapids.

The secretary of agriculture and Miss Wilson entertained the President and Mrs. McKinley at a cabinet dinner Friday night. In addition to the President and Mrs. McKinley the guests included Mrs. Hobart, the cabinet circle, Mrs. Young, Representatives Dolliver, Perkins and Mr. James Wilson, jr.

Justice Brewer Honored.

LONDON, Feb. 4.—Davis J. Brewer, associate justice of the United States supreme court, who has been at Paris for the purpose of attending the meeting of the Venezuelan arbitration tribunal, of which he is a member, was given a seat on the bench of the first appeal court here Friday.

COURT OF INQUIRY

Truth or Falsity of Alleged Statements by Gen. Miles to Be Investigated.

THE BEEF FURNISHED TO THE TROOPS.

The Matter Was Discussed at the Cabinet Meeting But No Definite Decision Was Reached.

Justice to All Concerned it Was Agreed Demanded That the Whole Truth Should Be Brought to Light—Miles Will Not Be Suspended at Present.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 4.—The indications are that a court of inquiry will be ordered to investigate and report upon the truth or falsity of the statements alleged to have been made by Gen. Miles, in which the quality of beef furnished the troops during the late war was brought in question. The matter was discussed at some length at Friday's cabinet meeting, and, although no definite decision was reached, the concensus of opinion was that such a proceeding should be had. It was argued that if the packers who had furnished the beef to the army had fraudulently supplied an article of the character charged by Gen. Miles, the country had a right to know it, and if the charges were without foundation the people had an equal right to know that fact. Justice to all concerned it was agreed demanded that the whole truth be brought to light. It was also agreed that Gen Miles should not be suspended from his office as commander of the army pending such investigation, as it was not intended that even by inference should he be prejudged of any wrong doing in this connection. It is not believed that any action will be taken, however, until the war investigating commission has made its report, which is expected within the next few days.

The cabinet also discussed the sanitary condition of Havana, and Gen. Brooke will be instructed to proceed as rapidly as possible in his work of renovating the city. The question of the wisdom of digging up the streets to any great extent during the rainy season has been presented for Gen. Brooke's consideration, the view of the cabinet being against it.

It is the expectation that the war investigation commission will submit its report to the president next Monday. No one outside the commission is supposed to know what the nature of that report will be.

The method which is to be adopted, namely, a court of inquiry, to pass upon Gen. Miles' conduct, is taken to indicate a knowledge on the part of the administration of what the report will have to say as bearing upon the Miles charges.

The common impression is that a court of inquiry can be ordered only upon the demand of the officer whose conduct is to be made the subject of discussion. While that is usually the the case, there is however, a reserve power in the president to order such a court regardless of the wishes of the officer concerned.

The Senatorial Deadlock in Pennsylvania.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Feb. 4.—Senator Quay was 14 votes short of the number necessary to elect Friday by the absence without pairs of Senator Higgins (dem.) and Representative Scott and Senator Vare (rep.)

Heavy Snows in Utah.

SALT LAKE, Utah, Feb. 4.—The snowfall in this valley during Thursday and Friday was the heaviest known for many years. Railroad traffic has not been seriously interrupted and all local trains arrived on time Friday.

DISASTROUS HAILSTORM.

A Severe Cyclone Followed, Blowing Down Telegraph Poles, Houses, Railroad Cars, Fences, Etc.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Feb. 4.—A heavy hailstorm raged at Morris, in the upper part of this county late Friday afternoon. This seemed to start a cyclone and a swath 300 yards wide was mowed for several miles. Trees, telegraph poles, houses, railroad cars and fences were blown down. Several people are reported injured, but as far as known here Friday night no one was killed. At Dale, a stone quarry camp, 12 houses and a commissary were leveled. Several people were badly injured. Railroad cars were blown off the track and some of them propelled a mile away. One mile above Village Springs the cyclone blew down Lige Bowden's house, seriously injuring him and slightly injuring his family. The storm seemed to break against a mountain at this point and was dissipated.

OMAHA HOTEL QUARANTINED.

Armed Policemen Stand at Every Door to Prevent People Leaving—Three Cases of Smallpox Discovered.

OMAHA, Neb., Feb. 4.—The spectacle of an entire hotel full of guests being quarantined and armed policemen standing at every door and window to prevent the people escaping was presented in Omaha Friday night.

Friday morning three well defined cases of smallpox were discovered at the Vendome hotel, located in the center of the city. The health department was notified and plans were quickly decided upon for quarantining the place. A squad of armed policemen raced to the scene and when the guests started on their accustomed duties Friday morning they were driven back into the house by force. Traveling men begged to be permitted to get away, guaranteeing to leave the city by the first train or afoot if necessary.

Several daring fellows, who preferred any sort of an adventure to being shut up for ten days, slipped out the skylight, scaled the adjacent roofs and making their way through the snow and ice over the house tops, managed to reached the ground in safety after many narrow escapes. A number of Chicago and St. Louis traveling men are in the hotel. Just who they are nobody cares to examine the register just at present to find out.

Ex-Clerk Romaine Acquitted.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 4.—The jury in the trial of H. N. Romaine, for embezzling funds of the police court, returned a verdict of acquittal after being out but 25 minutes.

Suicide of a Music Teacher.

TOLEDO, O., Feb. 4.—Miss Hattie McCave, a blind musician and music teacher, aged 32, committed suicide Friday by strangling herself with a piece of blue cotton cloth.

THE SAME OLD SENATORIAL CANDIDATE BOBS UP IN VARIOUS STATES.

THE SOAPMAKERS.

A Gigantic Combination Forming for the Purpose of Controlling the Output—Capitalization $90,000,000.

CHICAGO, Feb. 4.—The Record Saturday morning says: New York promoters are interesting eastern capitalists in a plan which contemplates the formation of a gigantic combination to control the American soap output. With $90,000,000 capital, of which $40,000,000 will be in preferred stock and $50,000,000 be common stock, negotiations are pending for the amalgamation of all the important factories in the United States.

Chicago houses whose names figure in the proposed consolidation are said to include James S. Kirk & Co., N. K. Fairbank Co., Armour soap works, Swift & Co., Nelson Morris & Co., and Allen B. Wrisley Co.

Proctor & Gamble, Cincinnati; B. T. Babbitt, Philadelphia; James Pyle & Sons, Colgate & Solon Palmer and the Higgins soap works, New York, are also mentioned.

Acquirement of the properties of the several component companies will come by outright purchase for cash, or by distribution of preferred and common stock to the factories that turn over their plants.

The new company in addition to soap will dominate the market for a number of other products manufactured by the same factories, including perfumes, cosmetics and toilet preparations.

M'KINLEY TO GOMEZ.

The President Thanks the General for His Decision to Co-Operate in the Pacification of Cuba.

HAVANA, Feb. 4.—The following message from President McKinley was received by Robert P. Porter Friday morning and was transmitted to Gen. Maximo Gomez:

"Hon Robert P. Porter, Havana—"The president sends his hearty congratulations and thanks for your dispatch. Convey his cordial greetings to Gen. Gomez and his grateful appreciation of the general's frank and friendly message. The co-operation of Gen. Gomez in the pacification of Cuba will be of the greatest value for both peoples." [Signed,]

JOHN HAY, Secretary of State.

MURDER IN A STREET CAR.

Dr. Thomas Wilder Shoots Hugo Wolfert in a Quarrel Over a Seat—The Victim Will Die.

NEW YORK, Feb. 4.—Dr. Thomas Wilder, a retired physician, shot Hugo Wolfert, a cook, in a Lexington avenue car Friday night, inflicting a wound, which, is said, by the hospital officials, to be fatal. Wolfert, according to the story told to the police, was occupying more room in the car than he was entitled to and refused to make way for a lady. Dr. Wilder gave his seat to the lady and upbraided Wolfert, who struck him. The physician then drew a revolver and shot Wolfert through the breast. Dr. Wilder was arrested.

Woman to Be Electrocuted.

ALBANY, N. Y., Feb. 4.—Under the rules the court of appeals Friday handed down an order directing the warden of Sing Sing prison to electrocute Mrs. Martha Place, sometime during the week beginning February 20. Mrs. Place killed her step-daughter at their home in Brooklyn. The governor was petitioned by sympathetic women to commute the sentence to imprisonment for life but he has refused to interfere.

Stockmen's Loss by the Cold Weather.

DALLAS, Tex., Feb. 4.—Telegrams from northwestern and western Texas say stockmen in those sections have suffered great losses in their herds by the cold weather of the last month. Cattle have died by the thousands from lack of food and by freezing. In Moore county the losses of cattle have been particularly severe and the country west of San Angelo is full of dead sheep.

The Stars and Stripes Forever.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Feb. 4.—The house of representatives Friday, without a dissenting vote, adopted a resolution directing that the national flag be hoisted over every schoolhouse in the state, and be kept there floating forever. A few years ago such a resolution would have met with almost unanimous defeat.

Army Stores for Manila.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 4.—The Centennial, with 1,800 tons of army stores, is expected to sail for Manila on Monday. Preparations are now active at the quartermaster's depot to send 3,000 additional tons of army stores, chiefly commissary, to the Philippines, although the method of transportation has not yet been decided upon.

Smithing at Ninety-Three Years of Age.

WOOSTER, O., Feb. 4.—Cooper Chidester, who has passed his ninety-third year, lives near Mt. Eaton, Wayne county. He is a blacksmith by trade and works at his calling every day.

CLOAKMAKERS QUIT WORK.

They Protest Against Long Hours and a Reduction of 30 Per Cent. in the Regular Weekly Wage Scale.

NEW YORK, Feb. 4.—The strike season among the east side garment workers began Friday, when 1,500 cloakmakers quit work in the shops of four contractors. If the plans formulated Friday night by the executive committeee of the United Brotherhood of Cloakmakers do not miscarry it is probable that fully 5,000 operatives will join the strikers by Sunday in protest against long hours and a reduction of 30 per cent. in the regular weekly wage scale. New price schedules were prepared at a meeting of the strikers held Friday night which will be submitted to the employers for consideration.

Vanderlip Very Ill.

CHICAGO, Feb. 4.—Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Vanderlip is dangerously ill. He recently returned from the West Indies, where he was taken sick, but had recovered sufficiently to return home.

Col. Sexton's Condition Worse.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 4.—The condition of Col. James A. Sexton is again such as to give much concern regarding the outcome of his illness. A brain complication has developed, which makes the case extremely critical.

CORNER STONE LAYING.

Programme for State House Exercises Has Been Prepared—The Event Will Take Place February 16.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 4.—The programme for the laying of the corner stone of the addition to the state capitol has been printed. It is as follows:

Invocation.....Rev. H. H. Barbour
Laying of the Corner Stone.....
.....Gov. Asa S. Bushnell
Adjournment to the Board of Trade Auditorium
Music, "The Star Spangled Banner".....
.....Mrs. Amor W. Sharp
Address.....Chief Justice J. P. Bradbury
Oration.....Hon. F. S. Monnett
Music.....Apollo Quartet
Address.....Hon. Chas. D. Wightman
"The State Building Arts".....
.....Hon. A. J. Ralston
"Sixty Years Ago".....
.....Hon. William G. Deshler
Benediction.....Rev. J. W. Atwood

The exercises begin at 2 p. m., February 16.

THROUGH HIS TEMPLE.

Ex-Sheriff Charles V. Callahan, of Youngstown, O., Commits Suicide—Financial Troubles.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., Feb. 4.—Ex-Sheriff Charles F. Callahan shot himself in the head at 8:40 o'clock Friday morning, dying instantly. He placed a mirror in front of his face and seating himself fired deliberately at his temple. He had just retired from office, having filled two terms as sheriff of Mahoning county. The cause of the rash act is not yet known. He was formerly commander of Tod post, No. 29, G. A. R., and was known to all the politicians in Ohio.

Mr. Callahan left a pathetic letter in which he referred to financial obligations soon to become due which he could not meet and asking the forgiveness of his family and friends. He was about 58 years of age.

Canfield for Librarian of Congress.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 4.—Dr. J. H. Canfield, president of the Ohio state university, was asked regarding the report that his name had been presented to President McKinley for the position of librarian of congress. He said that he had received an intimation of the fact, but knew nothing of the influence which caused the presentation. He said he was not a candidate, but would not say whether he would accept or not.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 3.

FLOUR—Spring patent, $3.85@4.25; spring fancy, $3.[illegible]@3.50; spring family, $2.95@3.10; winter patent, $3.60@3.90; fancy, $3.2[illegible]@3.40; family, $2.50@2.75; extra, $2.10@2.40; low grade, $1.90@2.10; rye, northwestern, $3.00@3.20; do city, $3.05@3.25 per brl.

WHEAT—Sales: Sample red, landing, 73c; No 2 red, track, 72½c.

CORN—Sales: No. 2 yellow track, 37c; sample mixed, track, 36c; yellow ear, track, 38c.

OATS—Sales: No. 2 mixed, track, 30½c.

HOGS—Select shippers', $3.85@3.90; select butchers', $3.85@3.90; fair to good packers', $3.70@3.80; fair to good light, $3.65@3.70; common and roughs, $3.25@3.65.

CATTLE—Fair to good shippers', $4.40@5.00; good to choice butchers', $4.35@4.75; fair to medium butchers', $3.50@4.00; common, $2.[illegible]@3.25.

SHEEP—Extras, $4.10@4.25; good to choice, $3.35@4.00; common to fair, $2.25@3.25.

LAMBS—Extras, $5.10@5.35; good to choice, $4.75@5.00; common to fair, $4.00@4.65.

VEAL CALVES—Fair to good light, $6.50@7.50; common and large, $4.50@6.25.

CHICAGO, Feb. 3.

WHEAT—May, 73@73½c; July, 71@71½c.

CORN—February, 36½c; May, 37⅝c; July, 37¾@38c.

OATS—February, 27¼@27½c; May, 28½@28¾c; July, 26½c.

PITTSBURGH, Feb. 3.

CATTLE—Receipts light; market steady; Good, $5.00@5.25; others unchanged.

HOGS—Heavy, $4.00@4.05; near Yorkers, $3.75@4.00; common, $3.80@3.90; pigs, $3.70@3.85; roughs, $3.40@3.65; others unchanged.

SHEEP—Wethers, $4.[illegible]@4.[illegible]; fair mixed, $3.70@3.90; choice lambs, $5.10@5.15; others unchanged.

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Strange Tribe of Southwest China

One of the Most Barbarous Tribes of the Far East. Their Customs and Ways of Living.

A glance over the map of China will show a triangular area in the southwestern corner of the great province of Yunnan, lying between the headwaters of the Mekong and Irawaddy rivers. For nearly a century this region has possessed a singular fascination for explorers and ethnologists. It might well be admired for the glorious diversified prospects afforded by its immense mountain ranges and subtropical plains, even though it were uninhabited, but it owes a great deal of the power which it exercises over the imagination to the fact that in it dwells one of the strangest races of the world. Hundreds of travelers have sought to penetrate its jealously guarded natural barriers; few have ever succeeded in the attempt, owing, it is said, to the ungovernable hostility of its inhabitants to outside intrusion. These strange beings are descendants of the aborigines of Burmah and northern Siam, and are called Mossos, which in the Yunnan dialect means the "unknown ones."

During my exploration in Central Asia and Thibet the route of my journey for several hundred miles lay through their country, presenting that opportunity so eagerly sought by travelers of studying this strange race in their home life. For several weeks we had been toiling over rugged mountain steeps and barren plateaus, when proceeding still further toward the interior the almost Arctic coldness of the high altitudes gave way to a more equable temperature, and we were soon traversing a primeval jungle, inhabited by elephants, leopards, bears, buffaloes and innumerable smaller animals, and with a teeming insect and reptile life.

Ran Into a Nursery.

Our first meeting with the Mossos presented many ludicrous features. We were cutting our way through the almost impenetrable canebrake, when our ears were assailed with a concourse of squalls and yells which echoed through the still jungle in a weird, almost supernatural tone. In this forbidding wilderness we had not looked for human habitations, so hastily arranging ourselves in position, we prepared ourselves for what seemed an inevitable hostile attack. Long and anxiously we awaited the onslaught of our supposed hidden assailants, when again the peace disturbing sound echoed almost, it seemed, over our very heads. Glancing upward, the mystery was soon explained, for in the lower branches of the trees we could descry numerous small bundles, too large for an eyrie and too small for a windfall. Our Kiangsi escort, with their superstitious natures roused by these ghostlike sounds, visibly paled beneath their dusky skins, and gazed furtively around in order to seek means of escape from this enchanted spot. Even Burton and I were not a little puzzled and awed, until, peering more closely, we became aware of the fact that the disturbing elements which had caused us so much concern were caused by our having stumbled upon an aboriginal nursery, and that the weird and ghostlike sounds proceeded from several hungry and lusty-lunged infants. Then the solemn stillness was broken by our hearty laughter, while the Kiangsis, as if to make amends for their credulous fears, made the woods ring with their forced guffaws. The Mossos, we eventually learned, as is a common practice with many tropical tribes, place their children in skin cradles and hang these from the trees in forests near to their village, for two reasons; the first, from a belief that they will be instructed by the deities, and, secondly, that their full existence may not be endangered by the abominable filth and squalor of the settled regions. Several times in the day they are visited by their mothers, who provide them with food and remain with them at night, and in the forest home the child stays until it is three or four years old, and has grown strong and healthy enough to stand the rigors of hardship and disease.

Reached the Village.

With these2 unmistakable evidences of the country being populated, we pushed on for half an hour longer, when curls of smoke issued from among a mass of vine-clad rocks, and in response to our shouts several dusky heads peered at us curiously through the dense underbrush, then suddenly disappeared, and in a moment more we were the center of a group of the most repulsive and wild human creatures that one could imagine. In spite of our most friendly endeavors they seemed to misinterpret our intentions until we had conquered their moroseness by small presents to those who seemed to be the head men. With the ice broken we found that in spite of their uncouth natures they were kind and hospitable, and we had soon formed with them a pact of good will. The spectacle of gazing upon white men was doubtless an innovation to which they had never been treated, for, crowding round with inquisitive stares, they sought to quench their ungovernable curiosity as to whether we were inhabitants of another world by feeling of our hands and sticking their greasy fingers in our faces, which interesting operation we bore with a passive humility, seeing that no other alternative offered itself.

For several months following this episode we traveled through the country of the Mossos, and, prepared to find them hostile to our advance, it was an agreeable surprise to discover that, although degraded and barbarous, they were possessed of a kind and sociable spirit and entirely free from those petty vices and ungovernable hostility which we had been apprised was the worst side of their nature.

Legends of Their Origin.

Like most savage tribes, the Mossos have numberless legends concerning their origin. According to the general belief, one of the numerous gods, whose home is in the sun, while hunting in space was thrown from his horse and fell to the earth, where, sorely wounded, he was discovered by the daughter of a chief who ruled supreme and alone over the entire country. The sun god, pleased with her beauty and womanly traits, proposed that she should return with him to his home in the sun. She agreed, provided her father should give his consent. The old man was so infuriated at the request that he immediately seized his weapons and attacked the youth, and would surely have killed him but that a mysterious shaft launched from the skies saved the latter's life. The chief's daughter and the sun god were then married, and the Mossos still hold to the belief that they are descended from this supernatural union. Pride in their ancestry, however, has no appreciable effect on their own natures, for it would be a manifest impossibility to imagine a race of people more degraded.

Physically they are a fine race, males and females in few cases being under six feet in height, and proportionately well built and exceedingly strong and muscular, gained from their active out-of-door life and constant exposure to hardship. Their color is a light brown, while in both sexes greasy plaits of sun-scorched hair hang down the back almost to the waist. A singular trait among them is a fascination, almost amounting to a mania, for personal adornment. The men are tattooed from head to foot with grotesque designs, which in many cases obliterate all trace of the original color of the skin, while heavy iron rings and metal ornaments are worn about the ankles, wrists and neck by both men and women.

Their Two Clans.

The Mossos are divided into two general divisions, the mountain and village clans. The mountain Mossos take up their abode in the high plateaus, avoiding all contact with the lowlanders, and making war upon them when prompted by hunger. Owing to their generally improvident natures and the sterility of the country in which they are domiciled, disastrous famines are of frequent occurrence. In a measure they seem to partake of the rugged uncouthness of their surroundings; they have no villages worthy of the name; seeking shelter in rocks or caves hollowed out of the mountain side or in small huts constructed of interlacing branches of trees and covered with a plaster of sun-dried mud. They cultivate the soil little, but depend chiefly upon the chase for a greater part of their food, in the choice of which they are almost omniverous, nothing being too repulsive for their appetites. They devour bats, snakes, mice, and even worms, with indiscriminate relish. When desiring a change of diet they engage in marauding expeditions on the lowland tribes, seize upon the storehouses for grain, and having gained as much plunder as possible, return to their homes with the spoil, where for weeks and months following all other business is forsaken for the enjoyments of a prolonged and bestial debauch.

The lowland Mossos, although removed to an infinitely higher plane of civilization than their mountain prototypes, are as far below the scale of our own Indians as the red men are inferior to whites. Their villages consist of a number of cone-shaped huts constructed of bamboo, gathered in a circle around a more pretentious dwelling of stone, the interstices being filled with clay. This central building serves as the abode of the chief of the village, while an apartment is reserved as a temple, where the deities may be consulted and worshiped and other public business disposed of. There is no settled form of worship, various gods living in the sun, moon and stars are worshiped, to whom sacrifices of meat and grain and made several times a year. These perennially hungry spirits are likewise consulted on every question touching the general weal and woe, the intermediaries to their favor being a race of monks of the most fanatical nature, who wander through the country much like the dervishes of India practicing the most horrible self-torture. Outside their religious offices they have little hold upon the people, whose stunted intelligence seems incapable of recognizing any government or official restraint that will interfere with the personal rights and desires of the individual.

Few Ceremonial Rights.

Unlike most savage races, they have few ceremonial rites or curious customs. Marriage is settled by buying the girl from her father, while in the case of birth or death there is no accompanying ceremony; in fact, they seem possessed of no higher order of intelligence than that of simply existing. They have no idea of time or distance—no name for hours, days or years, no amusements and without even the faintest knowledge of medicine. When a member of a tribe contracts a serious illness he is driven from the village to which he belongs, and is allowed to wander in the jungle, subsisting as he is able, until death relieves his sufferings. It is not strange, therefore, that disease causes frightful inroads, and unless conditions change it seems probable that a few years will see their absolute extinction.

The greatest obstacle to travel in their country and an effort to learn something concerning them is the absolute impossibility of mastering their language, which is confined more to various signs with the fingers and other parts of the body than expressions in word of mouth, reducing the traveler to the necessity of mastering the meaning of innumerable signs, grimaces and guttural sounds.

The weapons of the mountain and lowland Mossos are rudely made bows five or six feet long; their arrows are hardened at one end by being covered with a thin covering of clay, drawn to a fine point and baked in the fire, with which they are far from skillful, the animals which they secure for their subsistence being caught in huge pitfalls dug in the jungle, and which are constant menaces to the traveler who seeks to pass through their country.

Owing to their lack of knowledge of the most minor character concerning their country it is impossible to estimate their exact number, but it is probably in the neighborhood of 5,000 or 6,000.

WILLIAM JAMESON REID.

MOSSOS BEFORE THE WITCH TEMPLE.

A Consoling Thought.

The Bishop of Wakefield was once consoling an east end costermonger for the loss of his little son. The poor fellow was rocking to and fro in his distress. He suddenly looked at the bishop, and with tears running down his cheeks, said: "D'ye think I could get the young beggar stuff'd?"—London Daily News.

HOME-MADE PHILOSOPHY.

In pollyticks only them az iz slippery az eels kin hope to wriggle to the top.

There iz more bosh pamd off upon the peple in sivilized countreeze than in heathendom.

A religyun that makes one cold has too much ice in it to be distribooted among the poor in winter.

The peeple that iz proud of thare feet seldum ever have any other understandin to be proud ov.

Do somethin with yoore talen s, or yoore talents will rust yoore honor and make you a roag and a theef.

When natoore goze to sleep in winter time she freezes on the bed kiver to keep the wind from blowin it off.

Thare iz no joke in hevin about the mule and the stovepipe and the pollytishun, because thay don't hev any sich things up thar.

Most men hev no other religyun but pios thots. They think ov how much thay love God, but never think ov how much they rob His peeple.

Many a woman has knit her haired inter a mitten, sewed her sorrow inter a shirt, and rubbed her love for her children all over the washboard.

In time ov war iz the time to git a fat mule contrackt and carry a lot of flags and tock of how God iz allers on our side, until tyfoid un yaller fever sets in and prove yoo to be a liar.

Governments are run fer the purpus ov givin fat jobs to the sons of political axidents, and to collect dog tax from the man that lets his wife and baby go barefooted awl winter.—Grit.

The honesty and innersence ov the common peeple make it a ded-eezey snap for the shrewd and unskroopoolus to sock the guzzyfuzz kibosh onto em several timze a year.

Sum men make life mizzerabull for themselvze with gloomy sorts of religyun, and at the same time make it gloomy for thare naborze throo thare grate collecksbun of greed.

If sivilizashun iz az God wants it, men can't help it; but if men kin help it, then it is not jist az God wants it. So, you see, a Kristshun must either be a reformer or a numskull.

The smile of a little girl iz the sweetest blossom on earth; but after she has grown up and gone to seed she kin smile and be durned, and no one will want to wear her on thare boosum.

If the men ov thot wud only stick to the trooth, the men hoo do not think wud have no reason to resort to lies.

At every open grave stands yooth and hope, plannin and skeamin in a way to make one think that Death had at last got his last wictim.

COLOR BLIND ON YELLOW

GRIEF OF UNUSUAL CHARACTER BEFALLS A CROOK.

He Loses $15,000 and His Precious Reputation—The Yellow Handkerchief Seemed White to Him, and So the Scheme of the Wire Tappers Failed, the Big Poolroom Wasn't Swindled, and He Had the Fight of His Life on His Hands, but Won It.

"I went down to New Orleans a couple of months ago to get a young fellow who was pretty badly wanted in my town for a two months' campaign of highly successful check-kiting last summer," said a Pittsburg detective who dropped into Washington on a hunt last week, according to a Washington letter to the New York Sun. "I got him all right, and he's now doing his three years. I found him to be a pretty decent sort of a young geezer, although a born crook. I don't remember ever having had such an entertaining traveling mate as he was on the trip up from New Orleans. Before we started I asked him if he was going to be good or if it would be necessary for me to put the bracelets on. He gave me an on-the-level look and said:

"'No, I don't think it will. But I pass it up to you. I don't want to throw you. All I ask is, don't give me too much of a chance if you keep the irons off of me. I wouldn't be jay enough to try a window-jumping stunt, but don't give me a show to make either one of the car doors. If you do I may have to give you a run for it.'

"Well, I could see that he would be all right without the cuffs, and so I didn't put 'em on him. He rode up with me in the sleeper all the way from New Orleans to Pittsburg—I let him do the sleeping, though, of course—and he had a drink when I did and played quarter ante when I did, and none of the rest of the passengers was any the wiser. He was a clinking good talker and he told me a lot of interesting stories of queer propositions that he had been up against. For instance, when we were running through the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, he turned to me and asked me where the blue grass was. I told him that the term blue grass was largely ornamental, and that, while the grass down there was no doubt high grade and the limit as fodder for thoroughbreds, I thought it was mostly green, like grass the world over.

"'Well, I'm blooming glad to hear you say that,' he replied. 'It proves that I'm not color blind on the whole gamut of colors, anyhow. If you'd said there really was blue grass in these fields we're running through, I'd have given myself up as a bad job in the matter of distinguishing colors. But as long as the grass is green like other grass—well, there is some hope for me.'

"'Color blind, eh?' I asked him.

"'Yes, I guess I am, more or less,' he replied. 'I never knew it, though, until last spring, and it cost me $15,000 to find it out.'

"'Expensive information,' said I. 'How'd it happen?'

"'If you'll undertake to forget about it by the time we get to Pittsburg, I'll tell you,' he said. 'I was fooling around one of the big towns—one of the big towns—on this side of the Mississippi last spring, when I met up with a couple of wiretappers that got me interested. They were the real kind—not fake tappers who rope fellows into giving up coin just by showing 'em phony instruments in shady rooms, but professionals, who really knew how to tap the wires and pull down the money. They had been working together for some time, and when I happened to meet them they had just pulled off a swell hog-killing up in Toronto and had two or three thousand each in their clothes. They had only recently struck the big town, and, as they had never operated there before, they did not have to do any sleuth dodging. Neither did I, although I was doing a bit of business in the check line occasionally, and was about a thousand to the good when I met them. We hitched up together, the three of us, for a drosky whirl, and then they told me that, while they made it a rule not to let outsiders into their game, they thought I was good enough to be admitted to a good thing that they were about to pull off.

"'One of the largest and best patronized of the poolrooms of the town was 'way on the outskirts of the city. The duck that runs it is worth close on to a million, and the ticket writers have instructions never to turn any man's money down, no matter how big the sum or how lead-pipey the cinch he appears to have. Lumps of $20,000 and $30,000 have frequently been taken out of that poolroom on single tickets, and it's one of the few poolrooms where track odds are given.

"'My two new pals had sized up this layout, and when I met them they already had things fixed to pull down a few comfortable wads. They had rented a vacant frame cottage about 300 yards across a big vacant lot from the poolrooms, and by a little night work—they were both practical wiremen, as well as expert telegraphers—had got the wire into a room on the second floor of the house all right. It was prairie land all around and slimly frequented territory, and they had no trouble in rigging up the wire paraphernalia, which they carried alongside a picket fence to the porch of the cottage, and thence upstairs. They had the thing all tested, and every dot and dash that reached the poolroom registered also in the second floor of that cottage.

"'One of the fellows had formerly worked in a poolroom himself and he had the race code down as pat as butter. They took me out to have a look at the layout, not because they wanted a dollar out of me, for they were on velvet, but simply because they both seemed to take a kind o' shine to me, and it surely looked good. I spent two or three afternoons in the second floor front room where the layout was fixed, and the chap who was expert with the racing code broke the report direct from the track a dozen times and sent it in himself, after having mastered the operator's style at the track end of the line, and the poolroom operator was never a bit the wiser. It was good, all right, that layout, and when they were all ready to begin work I was in on the play.

"'We decided to make the first killing on the day the Belmont stakes were to be run for at Morris Park. I was against their starting it off on such a big stake event, especially as the race looked to be such a moral for Hamburg, but they said stake events were as good as selling races in their business, and so we had a little rehearsal and stood by. My end of the job was to happen in the poolroom. I was to locate there by a dust-covered window that looked out of the poolroom across the big vacant lot to the frame cottage where the layout was installed and wait for the signal. The signal was to be made by means of a handkerchief waved in the air by one of the fellows from the window. The color of the handkerchief was to tell the name of the winner. For instance, if Hamburg won a white handkerchief was to show at the second-story window; if Bowling Brook captured the stakes a yellow handkerchief was to be the signal, and so on. When I got the signal I was to put the money down on the winner, the tapper was to hold the result from the pool operator for five minutes to give me time to get the money down, and then I was just to wait for the pool-room operator to announce the race. It was the easiest thing in life, and it would have gone through with a rush, not only on that race, but on a whole lot of other ones later on, if I hadn't been color blind.

"'I was on hand in the poolroom on the afternoon that we were to do business, and I put a few dollars down on the first races at Morris Park, just for the sake of getting the ticket writers used to my face and to avert suspicion. I had a pretty fair line on the horses in training then and I won two or three out of the bets that I played simply on form. The fourth race on the card was for the Belmont stakes, and after the third race had been confirmed and the first line of betting came in on the stake race I lounged over the dust-colored window and looked uninterested. But I had the tail of my eye on the window of that frame cottage all the time, nevertheless. I had $2,000 of my pals' money in my clothes and $1,000 of my own. I was a bit nervous, but I knew that I had a pipe, and I also knew that the poolroom people had mighty little show to get next. I had all kinds of a front on me then, and a $5,000 or even larger bet was, as I say, not so unusual in that poolroom as to scare 'em or cause 'em to become suspicious.

"'Well, the second lime of betting came in, with Hamburg the natural favorite at 4 to 5 on in the betting, Bowling Brook 4 to 1 against the rest at write-your-own-ticket figures. The poolroom took in thousands of dollars of Hamburg money, for nobody in the big crowd that surged about the poolroom could figure any other horse in the race to have a chance. I myself thought it was a sure thing for Hamburg, but I wasn't playing thinks, but cinches, and so I just stood at that window and waited for the signal. I was, I suppose, somewhat excited internally when I thought of the possibilities of the game, but nobody knew it. The poolroom operator announced, "They're at the post at Morris Park," and then I knew that 'ud be the last direct communication he'd have with Morris Park until after the running of the Belmont stakes. I leaned there on that window, with one hand resting on my chin comfortably, waiting for the flutter of the handkerchief away across the vacant lot. The sun shone brilliantly, and the window of the frame cottage was in plain view, and I didn't figure it as among the possibilities that I could make a mistake.

"'Well, when the whole crowd in the poolroom had become sort o' mute with expectancy and the betting at the desk was almost over, I got the signal. It was the quickest flash in the world, a white handkerchief, as I was perfectly positive, nervously waved three times from the second-story window of the frame cottage. I didn't see my pal waving the handkerchief—only the flutter of the white handkerchief which announced that Hamburg had won. So, without any apparent excitement, but in the laziest kind of a way in the world, I just yawned, stretched my arms, and remarked to a few fellows standing near by:

"'"What's the use of doping over the race? It's a pipe for Hamburg. I'm going up and put a couple of thousand on Hamburg."

"'So I walked up to the desk, passed over six $500 bills and said "Hamburg." The ticket writer took the money without any visible emotion and wrote me a ticket. Then I walked out among the crowd to hear the calling off of the race, which I knew would happen within three or four minutes.

"'"They're off for the Belmont," the operator shouted in about three minutes, and then said I to myself, "What an exercise gallop for Hamburg! What a dead easy way of picking up large pieces of money!"

"'I wasn't worried even a little bit when Bowling Brook was way in the lead in the stretch.

"'Hamburg's just laying in a soft spot right there, third, and when it comes to a drive, how cheap he'll make a crab like Bowling Brook look!"

"'Then the operator, after the ten seconds' delay following the announcement of the horses' positions in the stretch, called out:

"'"Bowling Brook wins!"

"'Say, I'm not an excitable kind of a duck, nor dead easy to keel over, but, on the level, my head went 'round and I had to grip hold of a chair top when I heard that announcement. I couldn't make it out. It seemed out of the question. I knew that my two pals hadn't dumped me, because hadn't I played $2,000 of their money? At first I thought the operator made a mistake, and I waited with a spark of hope for the confirmation of the race. The confirmation came in. Bowling Brook had walked in, and Hamburg had been disgracefully beaten.

"'An hour later I met my two pals down town. They greeted me with grips and held out their hands for the thousands.

"'"Thing didn't go through, did it?" I said to them. "Where was the mistake, anyhow? What was the white handkerchief—Hamburg's signal—waved for?"

"'They looked at me savagely. They were positive that I had tricked them—that I had really played Bowling Brook with the money and was holding it out on them.

"'"White handkerchief be blowed!" said the one that had given the signal, pulling a light yellow handkerchief from his pocket. "What color do you call this?"

"'Well, then I saw how the mistake had been made, and that I had made it. In the brilliant sunshine I had mistaken the light yellow handkerchief for a white one, and it was up to me. They didn't give me a chance to get in a word, though, for they believed, and believe yet, I suppose, that I had thrown them, and they both hopped me at once. I had to put up the fight of my life, but I downed them both finally with the aid of a chair and a spittoon, and got away. That's how I lost $15,000—counting the winnings we'd have made had I played Bowling Brook that time—by being color blind.'"

Drank His Health in Water.

At the banquet given by the chamber of commerce at Chattanooga on the Fourth of July, at which Gen. Fred Grant was present, when Gen. Warner lifted a glass of wine and proposed a toast to the "hero of Appomattox," and glasses were drained, the son of the "hero" merely touched his lips to a glass of soda water. Upon this a distinguished Confederate general arose and, holding a glass of water in his hand, said: "Gentlemen, I desire to drink with you in honor of one who has been named as chaplain-in-chief of one of the greatest armies that was ever mustered, whose triumph is without a parallel. He is present with us today, and I propose we drink, standing, to his health in this pure water."

A Colonial Diogenes.

There is a queer genius strutting and fretting at Willoughby, near Sydney, who would delight the soul of Mark Twain. He sits all day long on a log, says The Chronicle, composing vilifying sentences against the local authority, which he nails up at night upon his cottage walls. Evidently things are not as they should be at Willoughby. One poster says: "Our footpaths are composed of cinder slag and clinker, made by antediluvian, dunderheaded dervishes to grind the hoofs of the rate-payers." Another runs, "Our council is a gorgon stalking hydra-headed through the land, gobbling up rate-payers, while the victim surrenders with asinine servility."

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CAMPFIRE SKETCHES.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR THE VETERANS.

Hanging of John Brown—The Execution of the Abolitionist in 1859—How to Get a Pension—"Revolution" and "Civil War" No Longer the Magic Words.

Isle of Beauty, Fare Thee Well.

(An Old Favorite.)

Shades of evening, close not o'er us,
Leave our lonely bark awhile!
Morn, alas! will not restore us
Yonder dim and distant isle.
Still my fancy can discover
Sunny spots where friends may dwell.
Darker shadows round us hover,
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!

'Tis the hour when happy faces
Smile around the taper's light,
Who will fill our vacant places?
Who will sing our songs tonight?
Through the mist that floats above us,
Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
Like a voice from those who love us,
Breathing, fondly, fare thee well!

When the waves are round me breaking,
As I pace the deck alone,
And my eye in vain is seeking
Some green leaf to rest upon;
What would not I give to wander
Where my old companions dwell?
Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!

The Hanging of John Brown.

Murat Halstead, the veteran journalist, writes in the New York Independent about the execution of John Brown, of which he was a witness. The hanging took place on Dec. 2, 1859, and is thus described:

The procession from the goal to the scaffold was brilliant. The general commanding had a staff more resplendent than that of Field Marshal Moltke and King William, when they rode together over their battle fields in France. Old John Brown was seated on his coffin in the bed of a wagon, of the fashion farmers call a wood-wagon, an open body and no cover. He wore a battered black slouch hat, the rim turned squarely up in front, giving it the aspect of a cocked hat. This was that his vision might not be impeded, and he looked with evident enjoyment upon the country, saying it was the first time he had had the pleasure of seeing it. His words were repeated at the time. The man I saw as he was in the wagon and as he was helped upon the scaffold—he had about a dozen steps to ascend—his arms pinioned by ropes at the elbows, tied firmly, so that his hands were free while the upper arms were bound at his waist. He wore a baggy brown coat and trousers and red carpet slippers over blue-yarn socks, and stood firmly but in an easy attitude on the trap door, that was sustained by a rope. Then a stout, white cord of cotton, provided by some cotton planter who thought there was propriety in it—something symbolical in it—was placed over the iron gray, sturdy head, the noose dropped easily around his neck and tightened so that it would not slip, but so as not to give physical discomfort. The face of the old man was toward the east, the morning light on it, and the figure perfectly in dress and pose, and all appointments, that of a typical western farmer—a serious person upheld by an idea of duty—the expression of his features that of a queer mingling of the grim and, to use a rural word, the peart. The white cap was pulled down and still the troops were moving, falling into a hollow square—a formation that had not been rehearsed. This became tedious. Brown asked that there should not be delay. The suspense was distressing, and from the ascent of the scaffold to the fall of the trap, and the sharp jerk upon the white cord, the time was nearly eighteen minutes. This was not, though often stated, with the purpose of torture, but the delay of the military to get into assigned places. Brown's hands gave the only sign of the emotion that possessed him. He was rubbing his thumbs hard but slowly on the inside of his forefingers, between the first and second joints, as one braces himself with a nervous grasp upon the arms of a dentist's chair when a tooth is to be drawn. It is no wonder Brown asked the sheriff about the waiting. There was deep stillness as the form of the victim plunged six feet and the rope twanged as its burden lengthened a little and shivered. Then the body began to whirl as the cord slackened and twisted, and the rapid movement caused the short skirts of the coat to flutter as in a wind. About a quarter of an hour was spent by the surgeons climbing the stairs and holding the suspended body to their ears, listening to see if the heart continued to act. One of the reporters was moved to say as if he had prepared a deliverance and was getting it off contrary to a better judgment, "Gentlemen, the honor of old Virginia has been vindicated." There was no response for the sentiment.

The road to Harper's Ferry was soon filled with carriages at high speed. There was dust flying. In the yard of a farm house were half a dozen lads playing soldiers, two of them colored, one beating a small drum. This was the highway along which more than any other surged to and from the armies of the nation and the confederacy.

Something more than ten years later, August, 1870, in eastern France, I was with the German invaders of the fair land of Lorraine, and one day as I looked upon a division of the Grand Army of the Red Prince, a monstrous mass of men with the spikes of their helmets and their bayonets glittering over them under a vast tawny cloud of dust, I heard with amazement a deep-throated burst of song in English, and it was:

"John Brown's body is moldering in the ground,
But his soul is marching on.
Glory, Hallelujah!"

The German invaders often sang magnificently while marching. German soldiers in our army in the war of the states, returning to the fatherland to fight the French, taught their comrades the splendid marching song with which the legions of the north sang along the historic highways of Virginia, that Father Abraham's boys were coming and the soul of John Brown was marching on.

How to Get a Pension.

"I went down to Washington the other day," said a citizen, "to look after a pension for a good old woman, whose father was a soldier in the revolution, and he was an officer as well, with the rank of captain. I had plenty of data, and one of the authenticated incidents was the participation of the captain in the Bunker Hill monument cornerstone exercises. I saved that for the climax. I saw a congressman who had a rabbit-foot combination on pensions, and after a good deal of whistling I got him to listen. When I had finished he said to me in a cold-blooded way:

"'I suppose it is all right in the finish of a man's education in this country to know something about the revolutionary war. Twenty-five or thirty years ago it was a big thing to talk about, and it made up about all there was to the Fourth of July. Then we had the civil war, and for a long time, whenever there was any music or whenever there were fireworks and hiphip, nearly everybody had an idea that the celebration was over the saving of the Union, and the revolution was a sort of annex. Well, since the president's trip to Atlanta and round about, there isn't much left of the civil war. The whole business hinges on the war we have just settled. If you can show me that the great-great-grandcousin or ditto step-son-in-law, or any other kinship, however remote, of this man of yours who was at Bunker Hill, was in the war which has just closed, and by which we have spread out on both sides and bulged in the middle, until we are the greatest country on earth, I can swing your pension as easy as the boy knew his daddy. But any business that hasn't some connection with Cuba, Porto Rico or the Philippines won't be on the calendar.'

"And then I came home, and one day when an agent asked me if I would like to buy a 'History of the Revolution,' I told him, before I thought, that the revolution wasn't much of a war. I had just finished reading the treaty of 1898 and felt right up to date."

Army and Navy.

It is stated that representatives of all branches of the French service and probably an officer from every line regiment in France will be sent to Russia for the double purpose of acquiring a colloquial knowledge of Russian and of making themselves acquainted with Russian military tactics. Lieut. Ferral of the Fifty-ninth regiment of the line has just completed at Odessa a course of instruction in all the Russian words of command and in Russian regimental drill and evolutions.

The preamble of the bill for increasing the German army is said to contain a reference to the Spanish-American war as furnishing proof of the disastrous consequences of neglecting in time of peace a careful and systematic preparation for war. The preparations of France and of European Russia, says the Army and Navy Journal, indicate that these countries, in spite of the czar's manifesto, are "laboring unweariedly at the task of perfecting their armies. In addition to a far higher strength on a peace footing than ours, they have increased their anual draft of recruits to 250,000 and 300,000 men, respectively, while in Germany the number of recruits provided for in the estimate amounts only to something like 227,000." As to the czar's peace proposals, the preamble points out that "disarmament has nowhere taken place, and in present circumstances it can scarcely be anticipated."

If we may judge from the ship-building returns for the past quarter, the engineering trades in Great Britain have fully recovered from the evil effects of the great strike, at least as far as the volume of trade is concerned, says the Scientific American. The various yards had under construction no fewer than 598 merchant vessels, with a gross tonnage of 1,364,250 tons. This is an increase of 143 vessels and 480,000 tons over the returns for the same date last year. Of these ships 572 were steamers and only twenty-six sailing ships. The list of customers is of interest. It shows that 192 of the vessels were for British owners, while six were to go to the colonies. Germany had ordered eight of the ships, aggregating 47,700 tons, and Russia eleven vessels of 26,480 tons. Then in their order come Japan, eleven ships; Norway, nine ships; Holland, six; Denmark, six, and Austria-Hungary, three ships. The vessel of large displacement is growing in favor, for the tables include six vessels of over 10,000 tons, seven of from 8,000 to 10,000, thirty-nine of from 6,000 to 8,000, and fifty-seven from 4,000 to 6,000. There are 124 steamers, chiefly of the "tramp" class, of a tonnage varying from 3,000 to 4,000.

To these figures must be added those for warship construction, which show that fifty-eight ships, of an aggregate displacement of 265,800 tons, are being built for the British navy. There are also thirty-four warships aggregating 110,635 tons, being built in private yards for foreign powers.

The people of the United States use about 250,000 lead pencils each day.

"And to think I swore off on New Year's!"

ARTISAN'S SCHOOLS.

GREAT ATTENTION IS BEING PAID TO THE MATTER.

Cultivation of Trades in Europe—Belgium Maintains 225 Schools for Training of Housewives and Other Institutions for Workmen.

One of the most interesting and instructive publications issued by the government for some time is the recent volume on "Foreign Trade Policies of the European Governments." Aside from the treatment of the merchant marines, colonial policies, tariff rates and commercial restrictions, the subject of state-aided technical education in the several countries is very fully discussed. Many of the branches taught in these technical schools are covered to a slight extent by private institutions in our own land, but there are a great number of special schools that are entirely unknown here. In Belgium, for example, there are 225 state schools for the training of young girls in housekeeping, besides some 27 other schools, exclusively for girls. For the young men, Flanders weaving appears to be the most important subject, judging from the number of schools devoted to it, there being no less than 42. In addition to these there are two state tailoring schools, a school of iron and wood workers, one at Brussels for teaching the art of printing, two schools devoted to the advancement of the fishing industries, one at Ostend and the other at Blankbergh, a school for watchmaking and instruments of precision; an upholstery and jewelry trade school and the latest addition, a firearms school. All of these institutions are maintained by the government for the purpose of stimulating manufacturing interests and improving the quality of the output of the country.

Political economists have called this an age of specialism, and the above list shows how appropos the name really is. Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria and Switzerland all support schools of somewhat similar character. In France almost every city renowned for a particular reduction boasts of one or more technical schools for the education of the young men and women in this particular line, the object being to maintain and improve the standard of work of their predecessors, and to introduce the new ideas that may appear in other communities. Germany likewise has many great industrial and art schools, some of which are of international repute. The art schools of Nuremburg and Munich, where wood carving and metal work and general decoration are taught, are especially well known. Then, too, there is the famous electro-technical school at Hanover, and the weaving and dyeing schools at Crefeld, Aix and Cottbus. In Great Britain the Ancient Trade Guilds of the city of London practically control all technical education, although the government annually contributes $4,000,000 to the work. This peculiar condition of affairs is due to the fact that the guilds were the first to take up the work, and, being immensely wealthy, they contributed large sums for the establishment of schools and providing competent experts and instructors. When the government became interested in the work the students of the guild schools had so thoroughly established their reputation in the commercial world that the government thought best to allow the guilds to continue the supervision of technical education.

There are over 67 trades and industries in which technical education is given in London. The list comprises almost every class of technical commercial work. It includes all the important chemical manufacturing industries, the mining and handling of ores in all its branches, milling, the manufacture of different fabrics, weaving and spinning, lithography, printing, masonry, pottery and porcelain, gas manufacture, iron and steel manufacture, paper manufacture, dyeing, tanning, baking, brewing, plumbing, watch and clock making. A glance at this comprehensive but incomplete list of state trade schools in the various countries of Europe will discover many subjects never seen on the technical school rosters of this country, but shows the attention that is given to technical education abroad with the object of perfecting and encouraging commercial trades and industries.

How to Enamel Chairs.

Shabby Windsor or bent wood chairs can be made to look quite smart enough for bedroom or "den" by being painted over with black enamel paint. If, when the enamel be dry, a little bronze paint be smeared or smudged over them, a "Japanese" effect will be obtained, which will be very pleasing, and a great relief to their somber appearance. The expressions "smeared" and "smudged" are used advisedly, for the bronze should be put on with an almost dry brush and should merely cling to the hair, so that they may leave a certain amount of color when they are dragged over the black enamel. To regularly paint on the bronze would be to lose the pretty effect sought.

The Revolving Plate.

A very deceptive optical illusion is accomplished by the use of a large china plate. Sitting on one side of the table you rest the plate on your knee, so that about one-third of it shows above the table. Take a knife in both hands and rest it on the plate. If you now lower and raise the knees alternately, quickly and evenly, it gives a motion to the plate, as if it was actually revolving round. In fact, it is so illusive that to the operator himself it has that same appearance.

Then He Had Her.

"And, then," the fair maiden went on with her narration, "I covered my face with my hands and wept." "Impossible," ejaculated the young man. "You could not cover your face with those small hands." And she was his from that day forward and they lived happily ever after.—Detroit Free Press.

Heads on Coins.

No human head was impressed on coin until after the death of Alexander the Great. All images before that time were deities.

COMPLAINED OF HER GLANCES

Woman Said to Be Trying to Influence Jurymen Proved to Be Blind.

From the Philadelphia Press: That juries are affected by handsome and languishing eyes is proven by a remarkable experience of the greatest advocate at the New York bar, the late James T. Brady. He was counsel for a young woman in a case involving an attempt to break a will. His client sat by his side. She was a very beautiful young woman, whose eyes seemed always to rivet the attention of those upon whom her glance fell. There was a pathetic expression which affected everyone. She sat watching the jury during the course of the trial and at last there was some complaint that she was attempting by means of her glances to excite the sympathy of the jury. Then Mr. Brady arose and in one of the most touching and beautiful of all the addresses he ever made in court he spoke of the blessings which everyone who had an appreciation of beautiful things and could see them enjoyed, and dwelt for some moments upon the happy lot of the jury, who could see the budding of the flowers—it was then springtime—and the charms of nature, then, suddenly turning to his client, he said, "That blessing is denied my client, for, though she has eyes which seem to look upon you, gentlemen, there is no vision in them, for her sight has been taken from her." She had been, in fact, the victim of total paralysis of the optic nerve, which had not impaired the beauty of her eyes, but had given to them that singularly pathetic expression which she was thus falsely charged with employing that she might secure the sympathies of the jury.

Clocks Without Hands and Faces.

In Switzerland they are making clocks which do not need hands and faces. The clock merely stands in the hall and you press a button in its stomach, when, by means of the phonographic internal arrangements, it calls out "half-past six," or "twenty-three minutes to eleven," as the case may be.

In a Frigid Street Car.

"Goodness, Tom! Did you notice what a freezing look that girl gave you when she tumbled into your lap?" "Freezing? I should say so. She was a Laplander in more ways than one."—Judge.

DEVIOUS DEFINITIONS.

M—The beginning of matrimony and the end of freedom.

Invisible Blue—The policeman's uniform when he is wanted.

Epigram—Anything mean that can be said in a two-line poem.

Thirteen—An unlucky number when made up of a judge and jury.

Suffer—One of the things a man is unable to do in silence.

Alimony—Something that makes a man figure in a divorce suit.

Life—A realistic story that would read like fiction if published.

Success—The art of knowing how to get others to supply your wants.

SHEEP OF BLUE BLOOD

MERINOS OF LONG PEDIGREES IN VERMONT.

They Are Ugly and Dirty, Wear Silver Earrings and Have Commanded $5,000 Apiece—How They Came from Spain.

"The bluest blooded, most aristocratic of all domestic animals in the United States is the merino sheep," said Aaron Spencer, a New England stock breeder, "and nowhere else in the world, not even among the hills of Spain—the original home of the merino—is this valuable animal found in such perfection and purity of breeding as among the Green mountains of Vermont. There are merinos in that region, and particularly in Addison county, whose pedigree is traced back without a break in the record of a blot in the blood for more than a century, directly to ancestral pastures in Spain.

"To look at a merino sheep, unless you know all the points of one, you would scarcely think it was worth driving to pasture. Greasy, dirty and uncouth, its fleece, blackened by an oozy, gummy substance, which, to put it mild, is by no means fragrant, hanging to its body in rhinoceros-like folds and wrinkles, the eyes barely visible, and nothing but the nose showing from the greasy, sticky, ill-smelling mass, the royal-blooded merino is not a sight to cause much enthusiasm in a spectator who is looking for outward beauty. But the blacker and gummier and more rhinoceros-like its fleece the better it is. Breeders think so much of that dirty gum on their merinos that they carefully shelter them from showers, and even heavy dews, to prevent a particle of it from being dissipated. Members of this aristocratic family of sheep of the Vermont breed have taken on this unprepossessing and uncouth appearance and rank smell to such a degree that they have easily commanded $5,000 apiece from eager buyers. I knew an Addison county flock of merinos, thirty in number, to be sold just as they stood in the pasture for $10,000 cash.

"For centuries the government of Spain prohibited under heavy penalties the exportation of merino sheep, knowing well the great value of that product of its mountain slopes, and being resolved not to share it with any other country. In 1802 Col. David Humphrey of Connecticut was United States minister to Spain, and he made himself so popular at the court in Madrid that when he retired from office in that year, his request to be permitted to fetch with him to America a number of merinos of known superiority of blood was granted by the Spanish government. Those sheep were placed on the Humphrey farm, near Derby, and from that original stock the present royal breed of Vermont merinos sprang.

"But there is an aristocracy even among blue-blooded merinos, and the family known as the Atwoods may be said to be the Mayflower stock of all merinos in this country and the highest in degree in any country except Spain. They hold their heads above the most aristocratic of their kind not because their blood is any better than other Vermont merinos, but simply because they are Atwoods and nothing else. Two or three years after Col. Humphrey brought that first flock of merinos from their native hills in Spain, a young farmer named Stephen Atwood agreed to work a whole year on the Humphrey farm for just one ewe from the original importation of merinos. The contract was fulfilled, and from that ewe and a Humphrey merino ram the present Atwood merinos originated. Atwood transferred his sheep to Addison county, and there the purity of the blood has been sacredly preserved, an association of breeders having been formed for no other purpose than to maintain that purity. Descendants of Stephen Atwood controlled the flock until a few years ago, when it passed into other hands. A half interest in one of the rams brought $2,500. The flock was separated, but the Atwoods remain the merinos of highest degree. When a lamb of this ultra blue blood is born, its ears are pierced and silver labels, one with a number on it and the other with the owner's name, are attached to them. The number and name are entered on the books of the association. If the lamb is sold or transferred, the owner must notify the association, and the transaction is carefully noted on the books. Any subsequent disposition of the lamb must also be reported to the association, so that every movement of that lamb from its birth to its death is always known. No sheep has any standing as a royal-blooded merino which does not wear the earrings, and can have no certificate of pedigree. Today merino sheep are raised all over the world, Australian breeders being the largest owners; but even from Australia, that garden spot of sheep raising, as well as from every other sheep growing country, the breeders come to Addison county, Vermont, to obtain scions of the original stock whenever they want to improve their flocks."

Standing Armies of the World.

A French statistician states that the total number of men permanently under arms is 4,250,000. If universal war broke out there would be 44,250,000 men ready to take up arms at once. Placed in one line, the soldiers of the world could cover the equator right around the earth. To pass along the whole line one would need to ride in an express train at sixty miles an hour for seventy days. If the soldiers received orders to exterminate the rest of the population they would only have to kill thirty-three persons apiece.

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NewspaperARCHIVE®

THE LIMA NEWS

PUBLISHED EVERY AFTERNOON
(EXCEPT SUNDAY)

E. W. JACKSON, President.
V. B. FINNELL, Managing Editor.

No. 316 NORTH MAIN STREET

Entered at the Postoffice at Lima, Ohio, as second-class matter.

MARKET STREET PAVEMENT.

A Resident Gives Some Facts Concerning Same.

Much has been said, pro and con, with no pro and all con about this famous highway.

Some have advanced theories regarding its short coming, while others have been more practical and have presented fact.—the product of personal knowledge of the subject. To the latter class we shall assume to belong.

That this beautiful avenue of travel was paved at, and is not yet paid for, there seems to be no dispute. In fact the only disputed questions about the affair are, who shall shoulder the responsibility for this very unsatisfactory work, and who shall pay for the same, since some of the property owners object to paying for something they did not get. Some blame the Street Railway Co. for the horrible condition of this much cussed pavement, others the Contractors, and still others say that at the City Engineer's door should be laid a share of the responsibility, and last but not least, the City Council is expected to shoulder its quota of the blame.

To wrongfully censure anyone would be unjust, hence we shall endeavor to place the responsibility where it belongs.

In the first place, the plan for the foundation for the railway tracks and the method of laying the asphalt along them, as provided in the specifications was faulty and should never have been adopted. The foundation however, was changed and a bed of broken stone was used. This change would have been a wise one had the work been properly carried out.

Here is where the city council made a huge mistake when they failed to recognize the advice of many persons interested, who told them that, an asphalt pavement could not be laid along the street railway track that would withstand the elements and jostle of the cars. The warning given, and unheeded has proven too true.

Brick should have been substituted for this portion of the work.

Secondly— It is plainly evident that the railway people did not do their part of the work as it should have been done they should have tamped the ballast underneath the tracks and laid the tracks to a better line and grade.

They claim however that they laid the tracks to the lines and grades given by the Engineer, whether or not this be true, one need only to take a trip over this line or observe a car run over the same, to remind him of the pioneer days, and primitive methods of road-making, when he was carried over the mud and streams on corduroy, and the uneven surface of a road made of broken stones was considered a luxury.

Thirdly—The contractors are responsible for not a small share of this imperfect work. Greater care should have been exercised in executing the different parts thereof.

Among the many parts of this work which were paid for being better done, we think the imperfect condition of the surface is the one most conspicuous.

The asphalt was unevenly spread and rolled—the result,—waves and depressions, it requires but a glance to detect.

The Contractors however attempt to shift the responsibility for the unevenness of the east end of this pavement, and which is apparently the worst, onto the engineer, by saying that he refused to allow them to roll the street crosswise, which thus prevented the elimination of many waves and other imperfections.

Fourthly—The City Engineer is supposed to be, and is paid for being, the "Director General" as it were of the entire job. He is directly responsible for crooked lines, uneven grades and faulty construction.

That the West Market street job possesses all these defects everybody knows. The greatest of which, is the lack of sufficient crown to turn the water from the center to the gutters.

Such defect is of no trivial importance, and an engineer that will lay a street as uneven and nearly flat as this one is, certainly shows a serious lack of judgement if not of ability.

At many places along the street one can easily detect with the eye that at points between the railway and the curb the surface of the street is higher than the said tracks. The water from considerable area of the street instead of flowing to the gutters where it belongs, either stands on the street until evaporated or is turned onto the tracks, there to soak into the foundation under the asphalt and if you have recently been on west Market street you know the result— the pavement heaved several inches high and is broken some distance back from the rails.

Competent engineering, certainly would not suggest such a condition of affairs as here exists, and which we West Market Street people are expected to pay for.

With the extravagant expenditure of money this pavement was made to cost more than $61,000—or considerable over $2.00 per yard. For such a sum, a first class pavement could have been put down to which we residents of this beautiful thoroughfare could point with pride. But did we get it?

We think nit.

MARKET STREET PROPERTY OWNERS.

TELEGRAPH NEWS.

BOWLING GREEN, O., Feb. 4.—Mrs. Gertrude Teller Friday morning was sitting by the stove and the heat ignited a celluloid comb that was in her hair. The inflammable material burned furiously, and before it could be removed her hair was nearly burned from her head. The fire was smothered, but not until she was very seriously burned.

A Child Twenty Minutes in a Cistern.

TIFFIN, O., Feb. 4.—Fred, the 10-year-old son of Mrs. Theresa Dumont, of Main street, fell into a cistern and remained in it for 20 minutes before he could be removed. He paddled about in eight feet of water, which the cistern contained, until one of the family threw down a board, which supported him until a rope was secured.

The Motion Overruled.

CANTON, O., Feb. 4.—Judge Taylor overruled the motion to quash the indictment against Anna E. George. Attorney Sterling was not in court. Attorney Welty noted exceptions to the ruling and gave notice of the finding of a plea in abatement. This plea will probably be filed next week. Mrs. George was in court Friday morning.

The Ice Harvest at Toledo.

TOLEDO, O., Feb. 4.—It is estimated that 600,000,000 tons of ice will be shipped from here this year. The industry has grown rapidly to be as great as that of coal and iron shipments.

Big Gain in Toledo District.

TOLEDO, O., Feb. 4.—The internal revenue collections in this district for the month of January were $100,518.48, or a gain of over 60 per cent. compared with January of 1898. The total collections since July 1 are $1,025,773.99.

Member of the "Sixth" Infantry Dead.

GALLIPOLIS, O., Feb. 4.—Word was received Friday of the death of John L. Greer, of the 6th United States infantry, at San Antonio, Tex. He is a son of Rev. Greer.

Diamond Pin Stolen.

XENIA, O., Feb. 4.—Lawrence Prugh, a traveling salesman, had a diamond pin valued at $150 stolen from his tie. He was on a crowded car en route from Morrow to this city.

Five Persons Injured, Two Fatally.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Feb. 4.—A natural gas explosion at Sharpsburg late Friday afternoon wrecked the residence of Joseph Ackerman and seriously injured five persons, two, it is thought, fatally.

Her Queer Taste.

With all the flowers of manhood
That are blooming o'er the mead,
'Tis strange that little Wilhelmine
Should take up with a Wied.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

MERCHANTS ASSOCIATION.

The Chicago & Erie R R offers very low excursion rates to New York City and return on February 13, 14, 15, 16 and 17, March 1, 2, 3 and 4, with thirty (30) days limit—Account of the Merchants Association meetings. For information call on your local agent, or write F W BUSKIRK,
A G P A, Erie R R,
Chicago, Ill

La Grippe is again epidemic. Every precaution should be taken to avoid it. Its specific cure is One Minute Cough Cure. A. J. Sheperd, Publisher Agricultural Journal and Advertiser, Elden, Mo., says: "No one will be disappointed in using one Minute Cough Cure for La Grippe." Pleasant to take, quick to act. H. F. Vortkamp, northeast corner Main and North streets.

REPUBLICAN STATE LEAGUE.

Dayton, O., February 10 and 11: For the above occasion agents of the C., H. & D. Ry. will sell tickets at half rates. Tickets good going February 10th and 11th; good returning to and including February 13th. Information cheerfully given by C., H. & D. agents. tf

SERVICES

To be Conducted at Lima's Various Churches To-morrow.—Themes of the Pulpits.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Main street Presbyterian church—Sermon at 10:30 on "The Administration of the Holy Spirit." Sermon at 7:15 on "Spiritualism." W. G. SMITH, pastor.

Market street Presbyterian church—Preaching by the pastor, Robert J. Thomson, D D, subject at 10 a m, "The Pangs of Growth," at 7 p m, answer to an "Evening Auditor" concerning some difficult theological problems.

METHODIST.

John M. Mills, pastor—Preaching by the pastor at 10 a m and at 7 p m. Special music will be rendered both morning and evening. There will be Evangelic services in Trinity church every evening next week except Saturday.

Epworth—Preaching at 10 a m and 7 p m. Revival service will continue during the week. D. R. Cook, pastor.

CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Wayne Street—The members of this church will meet in the Y M C A rooms Sunday for services. Preaching by pastor, 10:30 a m and 7 p m

Main Street—Rev Clarence Mitchell, pastor—Saturday evening Mr Mitchell will begin a series of sermons to women. Subject for Sunday evening, "The Old Woman." Sunday morning's subject, "Why I am an Expansionist."

First—Scientist, Suit 32, Cincinnati block. Services at 10:30 a m; subject "Soul." Rooms open every Saturday from 2 to 5 p m.

LUTHERAN.

St. Paul's, S. Kohler, pastor—Morning services at 10:15. Evening services at 7 o'clock.

Union street—Morning service with preaching and celebration of the Lord's Supper at 10:15 a m. Theme of sermon, "Gospel Hearers, Good and Bad." Evening services at 7 o'clock. Evening subject: "The Stoning of Stephen." Regular monthly meeting of the church council, after morning service. Carl Ackerman, pastor.

General Synod—Preaching services at 10:30. Secretary Street, of the Y. M. C. A., will speak. No evening service on account of the absence of the pastor.

CONGREGATIONAL.

First Congregational—The pastor will preach at 10 a m and 7:15 p m; evening topic: "Is the Soul Immortal?" I. S. Swanson, pastor.

BAPTIST.

First—C. M. Rupe, pastor—Morning service 10:30; evening service 7:15. Evening service revival meetings have deepened in interest during the last week and will go on next week. Meeting being held each evening.

MISSION.

Zion—806 south Main street. Services this evening at 7 o'clock and Sabbath at 10 a m, 2:30 and 7 p m by Rev Eugene Brooks, evangelist.

West Lima—Preaching at 10:30 a m and 7 p m by Rev Thomas.

UNITED BRETHREN.

Preaching at 10:15 a. m.; revival service 7 p. m. Meetings will continue next week.

R. W. WILGUS, Pastor.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Rev. C M Rupe will deliver the fourth of his series of addresses to men to-morrow afternoon at 3:30 p m. Special music, all men are welcome. The subject will be "The Young Man and his Amusements.

Grace—W H Leatherman, pastor—Preaching at 10 a m, followed by reception of members Evening service at 7 p m, addressed by Sec'y of the Y M C A, Mc Street The choir will meet this evening at 7 o'clock in the church for practice

Water Works Notice.

We will file with the County Auditor all delinquent water bills, to be placed on tax duplicate, as soon as possible during this month. If any one indebted for water rent has any claims for correction of bills, now is the time to call at Water Works office and have corrections made. We positively will make no changes after they are placed on tax duplicate.

Water rents are now due for the six months ending July 1, 1899

6t TRUSTEES WATER WORKS

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites is pure and palatable.

For years it has been used for coughs and colds, for consumption, for those whose blood is thin or colorless, whose systems are emaciated or run down.

For children it means health and strength, stronger bones and teeth, and food for the growing mind.

Baby gains in weight and thrives when Scott's Emulsion is added to its milk.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

WANTS

All notices inserted in this column must be paid for in advance. Twenty-five cents is charged for one insertion and 35c. for three insertions.

WANTED.—A buggy and harness must be in good condition and cheap for cash. Enquire at NEWS office. 3t

FOR RENT.—Furnished rooms. Call at 139 East High street.

FOR SALE:—A new Acetylene gas generator for magic lantern or stereoptican, two Acetylene jets and a dissolving key. Acetylene gas is a cheap light and very popular. Will sell cheap if sold soon. Call at or address 905 W Wayne street, Lima, Ohio.

FOR SALE.—Unredeemed goods: 50; old filled watches, $5.00 up; 100 Silverine watches Elgin, Hampden and Waltham movements, $3.00 up; 200 solid gold rings $1.00 up. Also Guitars, Violins and Mandolins at your own price. Big Bargains in everything. Money loaned on personal property.

COPELAND LOAN OFFICE
111 E. Wayne St.

Coughing injures and inflames sore lungs. One Minute Cough Cure loosens the cold, allays coughing and heals quickly. The best cough cure for children. H. F. Vortkamp, northeast corner Main and North streets.

LEGAL NOTICE.

John Kimmel if alive, but if dead then his unknown heirs; Alva J. Barlow if alive, but if dead then his unknown heirs, and Nancy Barlow if alive, but if dead then her unknown heirs, will each take notice that on the 26th day of January, 1899, August G. Lutz as treasurer of Allen County, Ohio, filed his petition in the Common Pleas Court of Allen county, Ohio, in case No 9369, against the above named parties and others, praying for the foreclosure of a lien for taxes due the plaintiff as such treasurer, and for equitable relief on In-lot No. 2?8 in the incorporated village of Spencerville, Ohio. Said taxes amount to the sum of Fifty-Three and 38-100 ($53.38) dollars, which are due and unpaid. Said parties are required to answer on or before the 13th day of March, 1899, or judgment will be taken against them.

August G. Lutz, County Treasurer.
By J. C. Redenour, His Attorney.
w-21-J28

LEGAL NOTICE.

Joseph Culp if alive, but if dead then his unknown heirs, Samuel B. Brown if alive, but if dead then his unknown heirs, and Henry S. Brown if alive, but if dead then his unknown heirs, each of whose places of residence is unknown, will take notice that on the 26th day of January, 1899, August G. Lutz as treasurer of Allen County, Ohio, filed his petition in the Common Pleas Court of Allen County, Ohio, in case No. 9370, against the above named parties, praying for the foreclosure of a lien for taxes due the plaintiff as such treasurer, and for equitable relief on In-lot No. 125 in the village of Spencerville, Allen County, Ohio. Said taxes amount to the sum of Ninety-Eight and 93-100 ($98 93) dollars, which are due and unpaid. Said parties are required to answer on or before the 13th day of March 1899, or judgment will be taken against them.

August G. Lutz, County Treasurer.
By J. C. Ridenour, His Attorney.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Jessie E. Aumiller, whose place of residence is unknown, will take notice that on the 3rd day of January, A. D., 1899, Fronie M. Aumiller filed her petition in the Court of Common Pleas of Allen County, Ohio; being case No. 9375; praying for a divorce from the said Jesse E. Aumiller on the ground of three years willful absence, and for alimony and restoration of maiden name. That this cause will be for hearing on or after March 11th, A. D. 1899.

FRONIE M. AUMILLER,
By her Attorneys, Motter & Mackenzie.
w-5-J20.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Alexander G. Conover if alive, but if dead then his unknown heirs, will take notice that on the 26th day of January, 1899, August G. Lutz as treasurer of Allen County, Ohio, filed his petition in the Common Pleas Court of Allen County, Ohio, in case No. 9371, against the above named parties, praying for the foreclosure of a lien for taxes due the plaintiff as such treasurer, and for equitable relief on the South half of In lot No. 15, Block six (6) of the original addition to the village of Spencerville, Ohio. Said taxes and penalties amount to the sum of One Hundred and Sixteen and 94-100 ($116.94) dollars, which are due and unpaid. Said parties are required to answer on or before the 13th day of March, 1899, or judgment will be taken against them.

August G. Lutz, County Treasurer.
By J. C. Ridenour, His Attorney.

Faurot Opera House

Saturday, Feb. 4th.

MATINEE and NIGHT.

Stetson's Big Spectacular

Uncle Tom's Cabin,

The Barnum of them all. Double Band and Orchestra. A great Company. A great cast. Two topsies.

TWO MARKS.

Eva and her Pony, Prince. Lone Star Quartette. African Mandolin Players. Double Quartette. Jubilee Singers. Buck and Wing Dancers. Shouters, Etc., and a genuine cake walk. A pack of genuine Bloodhounds. New songs, new dances, new music, everything new.

A Carload of Beautiful Scenery.

Cotton picking. Home in the South Eva's Ascension. The greatest street parade ever given. Two bands, Donkeys, massive Dogs, etc. A sight of a lifetime.

PRICES. Matinee, 10, 20 and 30c. Night, 10, 20, 30 and 50c.

Professional and Business Cards

HOTELS.

Brunt's Florentine Hotel, opposite C., H. & D. depot. Hotel and Restaurant. Popular prices. 25 elegantly furnished rooms.

The New Cambridge, opp. P. Ft. W. & C., C. H. & D., L. E. & W. and Lima Northern stations, A. S. Manhard, Prop. Popular prices.

The Harrod, E. Market street, Lima, Ohio Open all hours. Rates, $1 Steam heat and electric lights. J. W. R. Attlenberger, Propr

INSURANCE.

O. F Kemmer & Co., General Insurance Agents, room 1 Wise Block, Lima, O.

LIVERY AND TRANSFER.

J. O. Musser, Livery, Hack and Transfer line, No. 19 southwest corner Public Square. Telephone 48, both lines.

PIANO TEACHERS.

Lyan B. Dana, Teacher of Piano and Theory. Studio, rooms 11 and 12, over City Book Store.

PIANO TUNERS.

C. F. Woolery, tuner and repairer of pianos. Satisfaction guaranteed. 325 North Main.

J. W. McDonald, the Tailor. Telephone for Contatorium. No. 403 N. Main street.

Call on the Lima Ice & Coal Company for Pure Spring Water Ice. 'Phones 164 or 451.

BANKS.

The Commercial Bank, Samuel A. Baxter & Sons, Lima, Ohio. Bonds, Mortgages, Investments, General Banking.

CHEAP CASH GROCERY.

We have a nice stock of staple and fancy groceries at lowest prices. Country produce a specialty. Give us a call. Tabler & Zimmerman, 301 South Main street. 'Phone 19.

EYE, EAR AND THROAT SURGEONS.

Dr. A. F. Knisely, Eye, Ear and Throat Surgeon, rooms 3 and 4, Cincinnati Block, Lima, Ohio. Bell Telephone 483. No charge for examination.

FLORIST.

Mrs. E. E. Rogers, Florist. Designing a specialty. Fresh-Cut Flowers daily. 'Phone 108. 104 West Market street, Lima, O.

FURNITURE, ETC., WANTED.

Highest prices paid for second hand furniture, carpets, stoves, watches and jewelry and cast-off Gents' clothing. Bargains in second hand goods and safes at 129 east Market St. Give me a call and be convinced. A. R. Atkinson.

OLD RELIABLE MUSICAL REPAIRER.

All kinds of musical instruments repaired and tuned, and work guaranteed. Filling violin bows a specialty. C. W. Vogle, 109 E North St.

Dr. and Mrs. Dr. Murphy,

Physician and Accoucheurs.

Devote special attention to family practice and to the ladies during the lying-in. Confinement charges $5.00, including attendance during the usual 21 days. Calls promptly attended day and night. Office and Residence, 618 North Main Street. Bell Telephone, 347.

When You Want a Cab See

J. C. MUSSER,

The Elizabeth St. Livery, Hack and Transfer man. He has the finest turn-outs in the city. All kinds of rigs for light and heavy livery. Rigs the best. Prices the lowest. Both 'phones 48. Give us a call. See us for Cabs.

LOCAL TIME CARD.

C., H. & D. R. R.

In effect January 15, 1899, at 4:45 o'clock a. m

No.			
7	arrives daily		2:15 a m
11	leaves "	except Sunday	5:25 a m
1	leaves "	except Sunday	9:41 a m
5	arrives "		12:30 p m
3	leaves "		4:05 p m
13	arrives "	except Sunday	7:45 p m
65	Sunday only, leaves		7:49 a m
	NORTH.		
12	arrives daily		1:55 a m
14	arrives "	except Sunday	5:55 a m
2	arrives "	except Sunday	8:20 a m
6	arrives "		1:15 a m
4	arrives "	except Sunday	4:35 p m
10	arrives "		9:00 p m
65	"	Sunday only	7:40 a m

ERIE R. R.

No.	WEST.	DEPART
5	Vestibule limited, daily for Chicago and the West	11:28 a m
8	Pacific express, daily for Chicago and the West	1:12 a m
1	Express, daily except Sunday, for Chicago and the West	9:10 a m
81	Local freight, daily ex. Sunday	7:00 a m
13	Wells-Fargo fin'l express, daily except Monday	4:50 p m
	EAST.	
8	Vestibule limited, daily for New York and Boston	9:02 p m
2	Express, daily except Sunday	3:24 p m
12	Express, daily for New York	3:41 a m
82	Local freight, daily ex. Sunday	7:00 a m

L. E. & W. R. R.

In effect [illegible], 1897.

No.	WEST.	
1	arrives	9:40 a m
1	depart	9:50 a m
5	arrives	2:25 a m
5	depart	2:45 a m
5	arrives	4:[illegible] p m
129	Minster accommodat'n, leaves	4:50 p m
	EAST.	
6	leaves	7:30 a m
4	arrives	1:25 p m
4	leaves	1:45 p m
2	arrives	7:15 p m
2	leaves	7:30 p m
128	Minster accommoda'n, arrives	8:10 p m

HIO SOUTHERN R. R.

In effect Dec. 5, 1898.

No.	GOING SOUTH.	
1	Mail	6:15 a m
3	Express	3:20 p m
	ARRIVAL FROM SOUTH.	
2	Express	11:05 a m
4	Mail	8:50 p m

Trains 1 and 3 make direct connection to Columbus, Chillicothe, Circleville and all points south and southeast.

For further information as to rates, etc., call up Telephone 140.

D. & L. N. R. R.

(In effect Nov. 27, 1898.)

No.	GOING NORTH.	
2	Daily except Sunday	2:0[illegible] p.m
4	Daily	8:05 a.m
6	Daily except Sunday	6:[illegible]0 p.m
	GOING SOUTH.	
1	Daily ex. Sunday	5:26 p.m
3	Daily	10:10 p.m
5	Daily ex. Sunday	7:5[illegible] a m

Trains 1 and 5 run through to Columbus O., reaching Columbus at 8:50 p. m. and 11:15 a. m. Nos. 2 and 4 run through to Detroit and reach that point at 12:00 noon and 8:30 p. m.

P., Ft. W. & C. R. R.

New Time Card, taking Effect Nov. 20, 1898

No.	EAST FROM DANA.	
6.	Daily	7:35 a m
14.	Daily	8:25 a m
20.	Daily except Sunday	2:37 p m
22.	Daily except Sunday	7:27 p m
8.	Daily	9:39 p m
2.	Daily	10:45 p m
	WEST FROM DANA.	
15.	Daily	1:57 am
1.	Daily	8:[illegible] a m
5.	Daily except Sunday	9:53 a m
9.	Daily	3:38 p m
23.	Daily except Sunday	6:10 pm

Business and Professional Men.

Are frequently judged by the stationery they use. Did you ever think about it in that way? If you have never given the subject at least some consideration, why not do so now? You can not afford to have any of your business stationery anything but the best and prepared by a careful, painstaking Job Printer. That is the kind employed in

THE NEWS JOB ROOMS.

He is just the fellow who will strive to please you. His instructions are to see how good he can do the work, not how fast. There are a number of articles that you need which come from the printing office. THE NEWS JOB ROOMS can furnish you anything turned out by Job Printers.

LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS, NOTE HEADS STATEMENTS

of all descriptions, Poster Work, Hangers, Dance Programs, Invitations, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, etc. Then there is no end to the odd jobs you may need. By-laws for Lodges and Societies. But why enumerate? You know what you need.

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And state what you want. YOU CAN BE SUPPLIED.

316 North Main Street

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In Society.

MENU FOR A DAY.

BREAKFAST.
Fruit
Hominy Sugar and Cream
Lyonnaise Tripe Baked Potatoes
Vienna Rolls Coffee

LUNCH.
Frizzled Beef and Eggs
Rhubarb Shortcake Tea

DINNER.
Vermicelli Soup
Veal Souffle Potato Croquettes
Creamed Oyster Plant
Radish Salad
Wafers Cheese
Lemon Jelly
Coffee.

Mr and Mrs. Wm. Melville's home was the scene of much merriment and enjoyment Wednesday evening when a good sized audience witnessed Aunt Jerushy and her albumn. Of course it was supposed to be a plush covered albumn with the ancesstors pictures inserted in the leaves of the prized albumn, and was carried out as follows: Miss Helen Ellis as Aunt Jerushy, then that of "The Grandmother" Mrs. Grant Sprague. Then followed "Mother" Miss Nida Pangle;" "Father" Mr. William Melville; "Uncle John" Mr. Geo. Mehaffey; "Mary Ann Sophia" Mrs. Geo. Mehaffey; "Sal, Aunt Jerushy's daughter" Miss Numan; "A younger daughter" Miss Pearl Grafton; "Deacon Brown" Mr. Harold Standish; "Isabell" Mrs. R. L. Bates; "Giggling Anne" Miss Edna Lowe; "Aunt Pauline" Miss Lenore Vail; "Johnnie Dill" (a grandson) Archie Peck "Peggy Lee" (an old time friend) Bonnie Borquin; "Quakeress" Miss Florence Frey; "Twin Misses" Marguerite Mitchell and Jeanette Melville; "The bride and groom" Miss Eddy and Mr. Scott, Timothy Flint, Mr. Upp; Uncle Jake, Mr. Will Sprague; Mary Ann Eliza Dow, Miss Gail Bates; Baby Ned, Mr. Frank McCoy; Little Angel, Flora Williams; schoolmaster, Mr. Williams; Spinster, Irene McCoy; Darkey Joe, Bruce McCoy; Johns third cousins wife, Miss Harriet McCoy: boy grand child, Thomas Laney; the blushing bride, Miss Eddy.

Their makeup was splendid and the hearty applause that was given each one as they appeared more than repaid them for the trouble of impersonage. Dainty refreshments came next, while informally they chatted over the success of the evening.

* * *

Mrs. Emma Mitchell Decker was the entertainer of 100 guests at a delightful musical Thursday afternoon in compliment to her sister Mrs. Hesse of Atlanta, Ga. It was one of the exquisite functions of the season. The handsome Mitchell home on west Market was a bower of beauty in its floral adornments. In boquets, canopies, and in every conceivable manner the American beauties, fern and smilax were disposed to add to a cozy and bright interior. At 2 o'clock the appointed hour, the opening number, a piano duet, Chaminode's Pas de Cymbals, was rendered by Mesdames Wheeler and Kibby in a most excellent manner.

Song—Venetian Boat Song
J. Blumenthal
MRS. A. F. WHEETER.
Reading—County Sleighing.
MISS LENA SANFORD.
Song—Themo and Variations. H. Proch
MISS JESSIE AYERS WILSON.
Piano Solo—Bourre - - - Bach
MRS. JOHN HESSE.
Vocal Duet—O, that We Two were Maying - Mary Alice Smith
MRS. A. F. WHEELER AND MISS WILSON.
Song—For all Eternity (Violin Obligate) - - - A Marscheroni
MR. THORN MITCHELL.
Song—Ernani, Ernani Involami (Scena and Cavatina) - - - G. Verdi
MRS. A. F. WHEELER.
Reading—A Bundle of Letters
MISS LENA SANFORD.
Song—(a) Thou Art So Like a Flower - - - - - A. Rubinstein
(b) Bonjour Suzon - - - - - - - - Emile Pessard
MISS JESSIE AYERS WILSON.
Invitation to the Dance (Arrangement for Two Pianos) - C. M. Weber
MESDAMES WHEELER AND HESSE.

The program was a well arranged one and the applause from the happy listeners was enthusiastic and warranted us much as congenialty would permit. Each member was without a flaw, including the guests and participants from out the city. Mrs. A. F. Wheeler and Miss Jessie Ayers Wilson, of Sidney, who needs no introduction as they are well deserving of the merit they have so richly won. Five o'clock found the guests enjoying a delicious lunch served by Misses Marguerite Holdridge, Blanche Newman, Florence Campbell and Gail Bates.

* * *

The contingent of society matrons were greeted by Mrs. Decker, Mrs. A. F. Wheeler of Tiffin, Mrs. Hesse of Atlanta, Mrs. S. K. Blair of Ft. Wayne, and Mrs. T. T. Mitchell.

The honored Mrs. Hesse will leave next week for her home where she will entertain her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Mitchell, who will accompany her on her journey.

* * *

Miss Nevada Seelers entertained friends Thursday evening in honor of her 19th birthday. A dainty lunch was served, after which they departed, wishing her many happy returns of the day.

* * *

Miss Hannah White entertained friends at cards this week.

* * *

Mrs. Lenore Evans Cremrine will assist in a concert at Delphos next Wednesday night.

* * *

Thursday Miss Bertha Ryan proved herself the champion of the ladies who bowl at the Shawnee alleys, rolling the high score of 172, making 5 strikes in succession.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Breo enjoyed the company of the Hiawatha club last evening.

* * *

The Klondikes were welcome guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs Chas. Coulter, Wednesday evening. The usual good time was in store and as a result a lively contest at cards followed. Mr. Will Hoover winning head prize. A choice lunch followed.

* * *

The Central Pedro again finds its way into print, this time enjoying Wednesday evening with Mr. and Mrs. A. Callahan. The beautiful trophies being gained by Mr. E. Christen and Mrs. T. A. Oxley. A rare treat greeted the guests as they entered the dining room where an elegant menu awaited them while spicy carnations occupied a prominent place.

* * *

"The Happy Hours Club" with their husbands and Sheriff and Mrs. Bogart, as guests were royally entertained at the cozy home of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Reel, Thurday evening. Twenty-one games of pedro were played scoring high for Mr. J. W. Crane, while the ladies prize was a draw between Mesdames T. Clark and J. W. Crane, the former being the final winner. A mandolin club discoursed sweet music while a delicate luncheon was served, after which the rooms were cleared and all tripped "The Light Fantastic" until the wee hours arrived.

* * *

The Spinets will be in session with Mrs. Rob't Macdonald on Thursday next.

* * *

The Round Table will meet with Miss Cook, Feb. 6th.

* * *

The next Quilna-Argyle will be on the evening of Feb. 13th.

* * *

The Chautauquans will meet with Miss Parrett, Monday evening.

* * *

A happy event of the past week, that interested a number of Limaites, and included one of Lima's popular and energetic young men, was in the personage of Mr. O. C. Copeland, the loan broker to Miss Kittie O'Connor, of Tiffin. The joyous occasion was celebrated at the home of Mrs. M. J. Limbaugh and solemnized by Rev. Heally. Miss Beatrice Haffey was the honored maid, while James Davis, of this city, was best man. The wedding was small, but one of the prettiest affairs of Tiffin. Mr. and Mrs. Copeland will return after a short bridal tour to our city, where they will receive their friends at 612 east Market.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. M. U. Basinger entertained friends Thursday evening. The graphophone was the important feature of the evening.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. King of North Jackson St. entertained the members of the Utopia club on Tuesday evening in honor of Mrs. L. K. Boyce.

The fortunate winners at pedro were Mrs. W. J. O'Day and Mr. P. J. Doolin.

A light lunch was served, the guests were Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Feltz and Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Welsh.

* * *

Yesterday Mrs I T Moore honored Mrs Osborn, of Kan., at a very prettily appointed luncheon. Covers being laid for ten.

* * *

Mr and Mrs J C Riley invited a jolly crowd of young people in last evening to share their kind hospitality and enjoy the hours with their guest, Miss Ryan, of Chicago. Various amusements in favor. Misses Martha Ageter and Lenore Vail received the ladies honors, while Messrs Hollister and Monkes, of Chicago the gents.

E. C. Blanks, of Lewisville, Texas, writes that one box of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve was worth $50.00 to him. It cured his piles of ten years standing. He advises others to try it. It also cures eczema, skin diseases and obstinate sores. H. F. Vortkamp, northeast corner Main and North stree.

Stage Talk.

Stetsons Big Uncle Toms Cabin Co. played to a big matinee this afternoon and repeat the performance to-night. This company has been coming here regularly for several seasons and always gives satisfaction.

"1492" will be seen here again during the month of February.

It is always a pleasure to announce the coming of this very popular actor, Sol. Smith Russell is coming. His appearance this season will be intensified by the production of an entirely new and original comedy, entitled "Hon. John Grigsby." The engagement is for Thursday, Feb. 23.

The ladies Military Band of Boston, including 22 pieces, delighted one of the largest audiences of the season at Faurot's Opera House last night. The program rendered was fine and each number elicited a hearty applause. The soprano solo "Nymples and Fauns" by Miss Hewins; the cornet quartette by Misses White, Warren and McGibney, and the cornet solo "Three Star Polka," by Miss Anna B. White, are deserving of special mention, in fact there is not one weak spot in the entire band. It was indeed a rare treat and should a return date be secured there would again be standing room only.

Mr. Charles Cowles, the eminent American comedian, in one of the prettiest American plays of Yankee life, "A Country Merchant", will be the strong attraction at the Opera House on next Thursday night.

Anna Belmont and Kathryn Osterman who were the principal feminine features of "What Happened to Jones" last season, will have important roles in the new farce "Browns In Town".

Miss Belmont and Miss Osterman are sisters and are considered two of the best dressers on the American stage.

"Browns in Town" will be seen here February 17th.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c
Hall's Family Pills are the best

"I think DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the finest preparation on the market for piles." So writes John C. Dunn, of Wheeling, W. Va. Try it and you will think the same. It also cures eczema and all skin diseases. H. F. Vortcamp, north east corner of Main and North streets.

Pleurisy

Pleurisy and pneumonia are frequently developed, in a very short space of time, from a common cold; and, if such an acute inflammation of the lungs is not promptly allayed, the worst may happen. With the aid of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, however, you need not have any fear; for this great remedy speedily subdues the inflammation, eases the pain in breathing and always effects a cure in a wonderfully short time.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

Cures Pleurisy and Pneumonia.
Doses are small and pleasant to take. Doctors recommend it. Price 25 cts. At all druggists.

AWFUL

Fall Received by William Bennett Yesterday Afternoon.

Slipped on the Ice and Struck His Head—Concussion of the Brain May Result.

Owing to the dangerous condition of the streets and walks yesterday many people received falls but in few cases there were serious accidents.

William Bennett was one of the most unfortunate. He is a driver for Holland & Thomas, grocery, and was delivering goods at the Latham House when he slipped and fell. He struck his head against the edge of the sidewalk and was rendered unconscious. He was carried into the hotel and Drs. Mumaugh and Laudick were sent for. He had received a bad wound at the base of the brain, but the doctors do not think, with proper care, that it will result seriously.

The unfortunate man was removed to his home in Cliffton on west Market street.

COSTS NO MORE

To Go East via Washington Over Pennsylvania Lines.

than it does to make the trip to Philadelphia and New York over the direct Pennsylvania route through Harrisburg and Lancaster. Tickets via Washington are good for ten days' stop-over at the National Capital, and at Philadelphia an additional ten days' stop-over may be enjoyed by holders of tickets to New York whether they read via Washington or over the direct route. For special information regarding fares, time of through trains, etc., please apply to local representives of the Pennsylvania Lines.

F. A. BAUCHENS, ticket Agt.,
tu th & S Feb 28 Lima Ohio.

Thousands of persons have been cured of piles by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It heals promptly and cures eczema and all skin diseases. It gives immediate relief. H. F. Vortkamp northeast corner Main and North streets.

Sick headache, biliousness, constipation and all liver and stomach troubles can be quickly cured by using those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers. They are pleasant to take and never gripe. H. F. Vortkamp, northeast corner Main and North streets.

Yes We Do.

Thank you one and all for your liberal patronage during the past year. Your purchases have increased our business over any preceding year since our existance. We trust your trading with us has been entirely satisfactory and that we shall merit a continuance of your favors during 1899. Pardon us for assuming that good goods, in a measure, had much to do with our progress, and let us assure you that quality will be the greatest consideration of our merchandising the coming year.

LIMA TEA CO., 21 Pub. Sq.

The Chief Burgess of Milesburg, Pa. says DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the best pills he ever used in his family during forty years of house keeping. They cure constipation, sick headache and stomach and liver troubles. Small in size but great in results. H. F. Vortkamp, north-east corner of Main and North streets.

$100,000 TO LOAN.

We have a large amount of Money to Loan on Improved Real Estate (Farm or City) at 5 to 7 per cent. interest. Borrower can pay part or all of principal at any time, interest stops on amount paid at that date; you pay interest on amount of principal you still have, no more. You are not compelled to pay any stipulated amount on principal monthly. No Building and Loan plan in mine. You will find our terms reasonable. When we tell you we can get you a loan you may depend upon getting it very soon. No delays or disappointments.

OUR MOTTO: "Get our terms and we will get your business." See us

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(Room 21 (Third Floor) Opera Block, Take Elevator.

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Dye Works,
Robert Christie, - - Proprietor.
Clothes cleaning, dyeing and repairing a specialty. Dyers, hatters and furiers.
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CORN - CRISPS
....ARE DELIGHTFUL....
Try them once and you will have found the Perfection of Confectionery

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS

For stove Pipes, stove Repairing, Furnace Repairing and all kinds of Job Work. If you have not already tried us, give us a trial.

W. A. SMITH, 200 S. Main St.

...HERE IS A RECORD...

From the 1st day of December to the 28th,
THE TRAVELERS PAID

19 Accident death claims for	$42,748,53
1141 Accident (Indemnity) claims for	69,729,29
Total—	$112,477,82

A pretty good showing for only 27 days. MORAL INSURE IN THE TRAVELERS at

O'CONNOR & SONS, General Insurance Agency, Rooms 2, 3 and 4 O'Connor Bl'k. Phone 72.

H. C. Bennett, M. D., M. E. — Practice limited to office and consultation. Office, new phone 495.
Arthur H. Buck., M. D., M. E. — Practice general. Residence 414 W. Spring st. New Phone 486

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PRIVATE SANITARIUM.
For the treatments of Rheumatism, sciatica, paralysis, female, nervous and catarrhal troubles, lungs, nose and throat. BIG NECK and RUPTURE SUCCESSFULLY treated without the knife, by the most up to date methods or no pay. Removal of superfluous hairs and facial blemishes AT HALF PRICE this month. Electro vapor baths and massage. X-ray photographs taken. Terms reasonable, examination free. All calls answered promptly day or night.
OFFICE—3, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Collins Block, N. W. Corner Public Square.

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—DEALER IN—
HARD and SOFT COAL,
.....also best SMITHING coal in town.....
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Rough Dry at Four Cents a Pound.
All Flat Work Will Be Ironed.
No less than ten pounds will be taken. The Niagara has recently increased its facilities and intends making a specialty of this kind of work.
Ask your neighbors if you want to know the kind of work you get at the Niagara Laundry. We please them all. Prompt, efficient and reliable. Why have the inconvenience of the washing at home when you can have it done so cheap.
THE NIAGARA LAUNDRY,
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Both Phones No. 2.

UMBRELLA HOSPITAL.
F. J. SHAVELIA, Prop.
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Manufacturer of Umbrellas and Parasols to order.
Repairing and recovering neatly done. Baby Cabs repaired to order.
Only up to date concern of this kind in Lima. Give him a call.

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EYE, EAR and THROAT SPECIALIST.
Catarrh, Throat and Lung Trouble treated by Vapor Inhalation.
Rooms 3 and 4 Cincinnati Block. No charge for Examination.

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And Counsellors-at-Law. Rooms 21, and 22 Metropolitan Block. Both 'phones. Loans negotiated. Notary in office. jun17-1yr

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Call on us when you want money at a low rate of interest, easy terms, and without delay.
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Rooms 1 and 19 O'Connor Block
Second Floor, North Main Street

Teeth Extracted Without Pain.
J. M. CHASE,
DENTIST,
Rooms 40 and 41, Metropolitan block,
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The Shoe Dealer
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Sells shoes as cheap as anyone and keeps open until 8 o'clock in the Evening to accomodate his customers.

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City Property, Vacant Lots and Farms for sale on Small Payments.
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Real Estate and Loan Broker,
Rooms Nos. 2 and 3 Holmes Block, Lima.

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Has Removed his
... PLUMBING SHOP ...
To his home at corner of North and Elizabeth streets. Stoves connected on short notice and all kinds of repair work promptly attended to.
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LIMA SHOE CO.
Manufacturers of Latest Styles
235 North Main Street..... MEN'S SHOES,
Save your money by getting your shoes repaired. PRICES FOR REPAIRING: Men's half soles, sewed, 60c; Ladies' half soles, sewed, 35c; Boys' half soles, sewed, 40c; Children's half soles, sewed, 25c; Men's heels, 20c; Women's heels, 15c.
Pure oak tanned leather used.
Work done while you wait.
GENTS' SEWED CALF SHOES.
Made to measure, perfect fit guaranteed, $3.
All the latest styles and shapes. Select your own leather and have your shoe made.
PATCHING OF ALL KINDS.
Ready made goods kept in stock at Lowest Prices. Men's, Women's and Children's Rubbers.
Will be open next Saturday. Call unless us and save your money.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

THE MISADVENTURE.

It is said that Arnold Preston and Mary Culliford, though the happiest and most devoted of married couples, became engaged by misadventure. I have the story on the excellent authority of one of Preston's most intimate friends, to whom it was related as a special secret. It came to my ears, though—but that is the way of secrets.

From his earliest days Preston was a favorite with the ladies. There must have been something feminine in his nature that made him a completer man than most of us. As a girl, from whom I sought an explanation of the mystery, once said to me: "He seems to understand you so."

Living very much with his emotions, he was destined to reap considerable trouble from affairs of the heart. At the period of life when self-love attacks a boy, or the man he imagines himself to be, Preston was never in love with the same girl for more than a week at a time. There were no Quests of Golden Curls or Pursuits of Well-Beloveds in those days to hold up the mirror to his state of mind or furnish him with palliation or excuse. His sole desire was to cling for life to the rock of a single stable affection, and be all that a steadfast lover should be. Alas! the shifting sands of interest were ever hurrying him in a new direction. A look from a pair of bluer eyes, a smile from rosier lips, and he was again adrift at the mercy of those shifting currents, his inconstant feelings. It was a serious trouble to him.

But one day the star of his destined love did appear to him. He had not read Maeterlinck, but that is how, deriding plagiarism, he would have phrased it. Fixed in the heaven of his love she shone for three whole months with unvarying brilliancy; the duration of time was alone quite sufficient to prove the success of his quest.

But that was not the only proof. Never had his feelings known such disturbance. He was stirred to the center of his being, her mere presence reducing him to a condition of palpitating nerves. He lost all sense of humor, which was serious, and preached the gospel of intensity as the one means of converting existence into life. He knew nothing, morning, noon, or night, but that one fact of his love—his private, personal love, blazoned across heaven and earth. Men and angels were called upon to listen to the story of Arnold Preston's passion for Agnes Simpson.

There was one drawback, however. He had sorrowfully to admit that his love was not reciprocated. The direct question had not been put, but intuition told him so. There was no flame in her eyes like unto his, and she was still able to start the most ordinary

"SUPPOSE SHE LOVES YOU?"

topics of conversation. A remark on the weather, for instance, did not appear to her ears the rank sacrilege that it did to his, tingling with celestial music. For a long time he comforted himself with the reflection that his income of love was sufficient for two, though the process of halving he would fain attempt was not an easy one. How to set about it?

In his perplexity Preston did the very worst thing possible; he consulted another girl. Now every one versed in the sex knows the insanity of that proceeding. But Preston in confessional mood saw nothing but the necessity of relieving his mind.

As the recipient of his trouble he chose Mary Culliford, his oldest girl friend. He had run races with her when in short frocks—the girl, I mean. He had grown up side by side with her, and knew her with an intimacy that rendered ridiculous any notion of romance between them. A plain, matter-of-fact girl, she would look at the affair in a common-sense light, and give him golden advice. He could talk to her as to a sister. Yet even Preston's knowledge of her sex had limitations, for this is what happened.

He called for her one Saturday afternoon, when he had put office work away from him and was free to live until Monday morning the unhampered life of the sentiments. It was a glorious day, and she made no demur to a walk.

They wended their way to a park, not unknown to North Londoners, whose natural loveliness the county council has wisely left alone. For such a conversation as Preston contemplated atmosphere and surroundings were everything. He chose a shady seat that overlooked the lower of the two ponds, across whose surface some swans and ducks sported. In the background there was a rustic bridge crossing a miniature waterfall, to border which a pretty rockery had been constructed. Had Preston been a scientist, he could not have studied more closely the relation of the environment to the subject in hand.

After freely cutting up the gravel with his walking stick, an act which, instead of disguising, only further betrayed his agitation to the girl, he broached the topic nearest his heart.

"Suppose, Mary, that you loved some one—a man, I mean—very deeply, and were not sure that love was returned, how would you act?"

Diver in icy Serpentine on a winter's morning never plunged so daringly. The sentence wound itself off like a reel. She looked up surprised, but sighted the passion in his question, and sought the depths in herself whence alone the answer could fitly come.

"I am afraid, being a girl, I should simply have to wait in silence."

"Well, suppose you were I, then—mad—and loved a girl with every atom of your being. Suppose it choked you to keep quiet, and yet you dreaded her possible answer like the plague. Suppose—but there, you can see how I feel. What would I not give to know that she shared these feelings, too."

Preston spoke with such ardor and warmth that the misunderstanding which ensued was not in the least extraordinary. Mary had never heard such a speech from a man's lips before, and, knowing nothing of Preston's other affair, she took it to refer to herself. She was a modest girl, and her first disposition was to flee. Totally unread in those popular weeklies that minister to the needs of sentimental misses, she could recall no guide to conduct in this difficult crisis. And she cared for Preston—cared for him far more deeply than she had ever supposed. In this moment of revelation her heart stood clearly forth and she let it speak for her. In a voice thin, quavering, yet rich with sincerity she replied:

"Suppose she loves you, after all?"

Preston could not mistake the personal inflection in the tones. He turned sharply round, and caught her eyes before they went down. There was an open declaration in them that yet in no way shamed her womanhood. What had he done? How should he act now? He might point out the misunderstanding, but it would be terrible for her; she would feel that she could never look him in the face again. For her honor's sake, he must not retract.

There were doubtless other considerations at work. Perhaps he was sick of the turmoil of his emotions. Perhaps he had begun to suspect that ideals were unmarketable, and that that other great love of his would never have fulfillment. Perhaps he was tired of chaff about his butterfly propensities, and yearned for engaged responsibility. Perhaps Mary's eyes that moment attained a depth of blue he had never seen elsewhere, and her heartfelt words had laid a rosiness on his lips unknown there before. The inner facts we shall never know; the outer were that Preston caught her hand in his, and poured into her ears a confession that five minutes before had been intended for another girl.

Next day the whole of our little world knew that Arnold Preston was engaged to Mary Culliford. A considerate friend of his posted us with the news as we went into church, so we were delightfully independent of the sermon for a source of reflection. In the light of the details herein set forth, midsummer madness seems a light term to apply to the affair; but from a quiet observation of the pair concerned, I opine that heaven sometimes connives at a marriage by misadventure.—Exchange.

Citizens of Wait-a-While.

A curious dispute has just been settled in New South Wales. On the railway between Berrigan and Finley there is a station named Wait-a-While. The railway authorities in Sydney have long regarded this appellation of a depot on such a bustling route as the Finley line as a satire on their operations, and they intimated to the residents of the district a desire to alter the name to Hurry-on-There," "One-Side-Please," or some other phrase pregnant with up-to-date railway life and movement.

This radical proposal resulted in violent protests from the residents at Wait-a-While, who said that the name had been good enough for their fathers and for them, and that it would have to suit the railroad magnates way up in Sydney. The parties have been in severe conflict for some time, but ultimately the commissioners have given way and the romantic cognomen will stand.—Westminster Gazette.

Life on a Torpedo Boat.

So injurious is life on a torpedo boat that a year's continuous service will mentally and physically incapacitate a man. This assertion is made on the authority of Lord Charles Beresford, but that the strain on any one serving on these craft is very great is shown by the fact that to one month's service the British naval regulations allow one week off. Austria is endeavoring to mitigate the hardship of service on these boats, and life on one built for the Austrian navy and tried on the Thames recently was demonstrated to be pleasanter than on those of the English navy.

Beware of this Wasp.

The entomological editor of a Para newspaper has swelled the already unequaled list of Brazil's noxious insects with a remarkable discovery. The new pest is a wasp with a spiral sting of unusual proportions. The insect furthermore lives in a phosphorus region, and its sting has the effect of impregnating the victim in such a manner that everything he takes and smells has a flavor of phosphorus.

He Gets the Worst.

"Eleanor, when we are married, will you love me well enough to cook for me?" "Yes, dear Henry; but you will have to hire somebody else to do my cooking."—Detroit Free Press.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS

CURRENT NOTES OF DISCOVERY AND INVENTION.

Autotrucks for New York City — To Carry Eight Tons at the Rate of Eight Miles Per Hour—The Latest Idea in Flying Machines.

The Cyclometer Adapted to the Canoe.

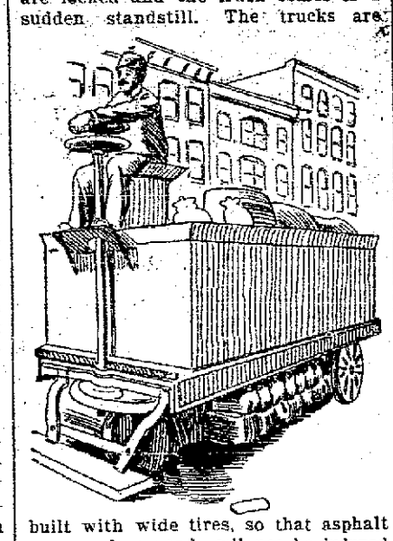
A clever adaptation of the cyclometer to the canoe was made by Lieut. Hugh L. Willoughby in a trip through the Florida Everglades, and described by him in a book. All ordinary means of marine measurement are useless in the everglades, and as it was necessary to keep a record of the distance involved, Lieutenant Willoughby devised a scheme whereby he used a cyclometer for the purpose successfully. He attached the front fork of an old bicycle to the stern of his canoe. In the jaws of this was swung a 28-inch bicycle wheel, the tire being equipped with a series of small paddles, so fastened that they regulated the speed of the wheel to that of the boat. The cyclometer was attached in the usual manner. Repeated experiments with the device demonstrated to Lieutenant Willoughby that the slip of the wheel was constant, and that its trailing behind the boat recorded reliable measurements on the cyclometer even when going at a slow gait. He says that the wheel and cyclometer gave excellent results as a log of the trip. Canoeists and oarsmen might take a hint from this for their next tours on the water. An old bicycle wheel is easy to get, and it must add to the pleasure of the trip to keep an accurate record of the distances covered.

Gotham to Have Autotrucks.

Autotrucks will soon be seen in the streets of New York, says the New York Herald. Platform trucks for carrying heavy machinery and trucks with high boxes for coal, ice or other commodities will be first used. Compressed air will furnish the motive power.

Motormen who operate these trucks will have a high seat forward, with a double wheel similar to the arrangement on a cable car for controlling the power. One wheel will be for steering purposes and the other will open or close a valve between the air chambers and the motor. Although these trucks will have a carrying capacity of eight tons and can be run on smooth pavements as fast as eight miles an hour, it is asserted that they can be stopped in their own length.

By shutting off the air the wheels are locked and the truck comes to a sudden standstill. The trucks are



built with wide tires, so that asphalt or macadam roads will not be injured by them.

Property for the site of a power house has been purchased and a plant costing $250,000 is to be erected for the initial operations. James H. Hoadley, who is largely interested in the autotruck company, says:

"A $7,000,000 corporation, in which Mr. Joseph Leiter is largely interested, is being organized. Mr. Leiter will not be president. He will probably be one of the directors. This company will be incorporated in New Jersey. An existing plant has ben bought by Mr. Leiter for $3,000,000, and it will be in operation within sixty days. Mr. Leiter has interested the Rothschilds and other European capitalists in the introduction of autotrucks in foreign cities. They will be manufactured in this country and will be first operated in London. Later they will be introduced in Berlin and Paris.

New Paper-Hanging Machine.

A German inventor has just brought out a paperhanging machine. It consists of a rod, upon which the roll of paper is placed, and a paste receptacle with a brushing convenience is attached in such a manner that the paste is applied automatically on the back of the paper. The end of the wall paper is fixed at the bottom of the wall, and the implement rises on the wall in such a manner as only to require that it be set by one workman. The paper, as it unrolls, is held flat against the wall and an elastic roller follows on the outside, which presses it firmly and with exact smoothness to the wall. The final operation is when the wall paper reaches the top, the workman now pulling a cord, whereby the paper is cut off from the roll.

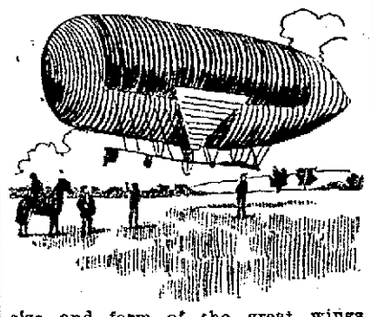
A Great Feat in Telegraphy.

By means of the duodecaplex machine, invented by M. Mercadier, twelve transmitters have been used simultaneously in sending messages over wire, on the Paris-Bordeaux line. Twelve Morse transmitters worked simultaneously on a single wire, each sending its signals to the proper receiver at the other end of the line. This result is brought about by the use of interrupted currents. Each transmitter receives its current though a tuning-fork having a special note, its variations being electrically maintained. These vibrations furnish a current of the proper period to cause resonance at each application in the proper receiving circuit, which has its capacity adjusted for this result. This receiver is a telephone (a monotelephone, as it is called by Mr. Merridier), so constructed and arranged that the acoustic resonance qualities also help to damp out from the signals received everything not intended for it. These signals are read in the ordinary way by ear, aided by rubber tubes like those used on phonographs.

Another Flying Machine.

From Russia comes a new flying machine. Dr. K. I. Danilewsky of Charkov is the inventor.

This balloon flying machine is based on the hypothesis that if a man's strength, in proportion to his weight, is not sufficient to raise him in the air, he can raise himself if part of his weight is subtracted, says the Scientific American. By the use of a balloon filled with hydrogen the weight of the man is eliminated from the problem and he can use all his efforts to propel and steer the balloon which supports him. The pictures show the relative



size and form of the great wings, which are sixteen feet long. In order to utilize the whole power of the wings for progressive movement it is necessary to rise high in the air and then the wings can be placed at 90 degrees without any risk of descending. In the latter case, to keep the machine from descending, it is better to open the parachute. On Oct. 8, 1897, some twenty-five ascents were made in an hour and a half. Other ascents were made in the spring and summer of 1898 with good success, the balloon being turned round and round repeatedly. The size of the wings was decreased to 11 2-3 feet and the working surface was increased. At a height of 280 feet the balloon was kept immovable and was turned around in the air several times. It was found that the balloon must be inflated with fresh hydrogen every seven or eight days.

To Give Wood the Luster of Metal.

A translation from the Paris Annales Forestieres in the Scientific American gives an account of a peculiarly valuable process for imparting the lustre of metal to ordinary wood, without injuring its natural qualities. For this purpose, the wood is laid, according to its weight, for three or four days, in a caustic alkaline solution, such as calcined soda, at a temperature of seventy-five to ninety degrees, Celsus; then it is at once placed in a bath of calcium hydrosulphite, to which, after twenty-four to thirty-six hours, a saturated solution of sulphur in caustic potash is added, in this mixture the wood being allowed to remain for forty-eight hours at thirty-five to fifty degrees, Celsus. When the wood thus prepared, and after having been dried at a moderate temperature, is polished by means of a smoothing iron, the surface assumes a most attractive metallic lustre, the effect of the gloss being rendered additionally pleasing by rubbing the wood with a piece of lead, zinc, or tin. It is subsequently polished with a burnisher of glass or porcelain, if desired, the wood in this way actually gaining the brilliancy of a metallic mirror, so that, of course, handsome effects in woodware can thus be obtained.

Twin Railway Tunnels.

While conducting tests on the first elevator installed for the Central London railway Gilbert Rosenbuch had an opportunity of procuring the photograph of the tunnel work which is here reproduced from Engineering News. This road consists of twin deep level tunnels. The principal reasons for using twin tunnels with a single track in each, one for up trains and one for down trains, in preference to a double track single tunnel were: First, the lower initial cost; second, ability, by reason of small diameter and change of relative position, to remain under the roadway proper; third, avoidance of collisions as the result of derailment; fourth, maintenance of ventilations due to the draft caused by

continued passage of trains in one direction.

Gas Was Lit.

"My salary has been raised," said the young lover, "and I think I am in a position now where I can safely ask you to name the day."

"It would look that way to any one who could see us," answered the blushing maiden seated on his knee."—Indianapolis Journal.

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BORROWED PLUMES

By E. NESBIT.

It was the ideal place for a summer oliday—a pleasant old farm with a red oof, where lichens grew in patches of ellow, and the stone-crop and house-eek in patches of green; a house with ong, low rooms, furniture that shone vith beeswax and elbow-grease, and eds whose coarse homespun linen sheets melled of lavender.

There were, indeed, two lavender-bushes n the garden, as well as roses and stocks, sweet clover-pinks and "old man." The farm was stocked with interesting live creatures—cows, pigs, chickens, turkeys and pigeons; there were sheep dotting the downs behind the house, and from the front windows, across the orchard, where the apples were beginning to grow hard and round, you could see the long, shining, blue line of the sea.

Mabel Roscommon liked that sea-line, and she liked the garden, the orchard, and the rest of it—all but the turkeys. She was a little afraid of these, because she was by profession a highschool teacher, and had been taught how to manage children, but not how to manage turkeys—an art, by the way, much simpler. Now she had come to the farm for her summer holidays. To be alone was new to her, for she was one of a large family; and to be for whole weeks in this country was new to her too, for she had never before seen near the sea for more than a week at a time. The down-country was to her a revelation.

She had a big sittingroom to herself, and shared the simple meals of the farmer and his wife. The laborers and the maids ate at the lower end of the long table. Mabel thought it was such a nice plan—it reminded her somehow of the feudal system. The dignified, simplicity of farm life appealed to her. Gradually a passion of love awoke in her for the little, ordinary, useful everyday things—the needful work repeated at the appropriate hour, the changing magic of morn and noon and evening, the restful distances of down and sea, the intimate foregrounds of hedge and orchard. At first she read a good deal, but gradually more and more time was spent with Mrs. Fry. Mabel followed her in and out to the dairy, to the kitchen, to feed the pigs, to collect the eggs. And the eyes of the faded, middle-aged woman grew tender, though her words were always the explanatory commonplace or the mournful biographical.

But one day—it was the day when Miss Roscommon first churned the butter—Mrs. Fry sighed, and said:

"My little Alice would ha' been about your age if she'd lived. I own I should ha' dearly liked to ha' taught her to churn."

It was that night that Mabel kissed Mrs. Fry when she said "good night," and almost wished, as she crept between the cold, lavendered sheets that she had been born a farmer's daughter. She had discovered her vocation. It was not teaching, as she had steadfastly believed, nor literature, as she had secretly dreamed; her true vocation was the pastoral life—not to forget the great life of the world, the hurry and bustle, the cleverness and bravery, the wise and the great; not to forget them—to honor them from afar, but to take no further part in the strife and struggle of strenuous life; to watch it from the safe haven of the little life, the quiet, ordered, placid life of the farm. This was her vocation—her fate was high school teaching.

When Robert Fry came home—the only son of his mother, the farmer's wife—Mabel shared in the bustle of glad preparation that heralded his coming. He was in business in London, but he was coming home for his holiday, his mother said.

"But he hates the business," she went on. "He got a scholarship to go to Oxford, for he's very clever, my dear; but it was not enough to keep him there, and it was the year we did so badly with the wheat, so father couldn't spare enough to let him go; so then Rob gave in and he said: 'All right, I'll go into business, for I don't want to stay at farming.' So his uncle took him into the mantles, where he might be doing well; but I wish he'd a-never gone to school, I do, then he'd a-been content to stay and help his father about the old place that's belonged to the Frys no one knows how long. You can see their names in the churchyard."

It was in the churchyard, amid the moss-grown headstones, that Miss Roscommon not only saw the names of many dead and gone Frys, but made the acquaintance of the new-comer. He came to her across the field that lay between the house and the church, and she could see his fair hair shining in the sun. He was tall and handsome, she thought.

"My mother sent me to tell you that tea is ready. It's half an hour earlier than usual. Yes, I've just come down. It all seems very beautiful, after London, doesn't it?"

"It's so beautiful," said Mabel, "that I am beginning to wonder how I shall ever be able to leave it."

He walked beside her for a while in silence, then he said:

"You were at Girton, my mother tells me. Don't you find this sort of thing strange after the stirring intellectual life there?"

She laughed a little.

"I don't think we were very intellectual"—she began.

"I feel so much all I have missed," he said. "If only my father had not sown wheat that year."

"Yes," she said, "I know; it was very hard."

She was interested in the boy, for, though he was of her own age, he seemed to be infinitely young. His naive, blundering anxiety to let her see that he, too, knew all about the "intellectual life," his respect for her as a Girton girl, and, above all, a certain wistful sadness about his blue eyes, stirred her half-amused sympathy. His presence seemed to promise a new interest to life at the farm.

The promise was fulfilled. He attached himself frankly to Miss Roscommon's apron-strings—walked with her, drove her in the market-cart, sat with her under the gray apple-boughs, and talked without ceasing. He was well read, was acquainted with modern as well as classic literature—he quoted almost incessantly. When he was not quoting he talked of authors, of editions, of style and of form. How should she know that he had his own dreams which he managed to disguise under these quotations from the dreams of others? Miss Roscommon was the first educated woman he had ever met, and he seemed agonizedly anxious to lose no chance of showing her that he too had been educated, that he was not merely the foolish boy she might have expected to find in the "son of the house" at a farm. At first this sensitive, insistent egotism amused Miss Roscommon, then it irritated her, and at the end of three days she was as near hating Robert Fry as she had ever been to hating any one—even the least-loved professor at Cambridge. Yet, after all, it was not possible to Mabel quite to hate any one, nor was it possible that Robert Fry should ever be by any one quite hated. She had a very manly vein of tolerance—and he a timid, appealing manner, which, if not feminine, was at least childlike. But his quotations got on her nerves, and the quiet charm of her holiday was shattered. It was on the fourth evening that she spoke. He had been standing beside her, looking at the sea, and suddenly broke the calm of the great silence to quote Mathew Arnold's lines:

The sea of faith
Was thus once at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled;
But now—

"I wish you wouldn't," she interrupted, almost peevishly.

His blue eyes turned on her with the appealing look a child's wear when one whom it trusts speaks with sudden harshness.

"Don't look at me like that," she said, her patience and her pretty manners giving way together under the strain of that absurd appeal. "It's only that I came into the country to rest, and"—

"I see, you don't like me to talk to you. I am very sorry. I never meant to bore you. It's very good of you to tell me straight out." He raised his cap and turned to leave her.

"Oh, don't!" she said again. "I am so sorry! I didn't mean to be rude—but, don't you feel it too? One wants to rest from literature and all that sort of thing. I am sure you feel it too, only you think a person from Girton wants this sort of entertaining. She doesn't, I assure you; she just wants to look about and see things happen, see how the flowers grow, and what the pigs eat, and how the sheep come into the fold, and wonder how the chickens know when it's time to be fed."

He stood looking at her, still wistfully.

"You're not angry with me, are you?" he said.

"Angry? No, of course not; and you mustn't be angry with me. It was very bad-tempered of me, because I know you were only doing it to please me. But you won't any more, will you? It's not necessary."

"What am I to talk about, then?"

"I have an idea," she said, flashing a brilliant smile at him. "Let us never talk at all, unless we have something we very much want to say."

He smiled back at her, but his smile was a little sad. Yet he accepted the new basis of conversation. In the first day or two their talk lost in bulk, but in quality it gained. Then Miss Roscommon awoke to the fact that he was talking as much as ever, and she more than ever before. And now she began to perceive glimpses of the real man, of the passionate love of all things beautiful that had lain beneath his veneer of cheap culture. He talked no more of literature and art. Nor did he talk of himself. But he spoke of his father, and she respected him. He spoke of his mother and the little dead sister, and something like tenderness began to soften the respect. She saw how the pastoral peace of the old place held his soul, and she wondered how he could ever have torn himself from it to "go into the mantles." To go to college, yes; but "into the mantles!" But this was one of the things of which he never spoke.

Her time of holiday was nearly over before she learned that he wrote verses. Trembling, and yet happy, he read them to her one golden afternoon in the orchard. And they were good verses. They accentuated her curiosity as to his choice of a career. The two were now so nearly friends that she dared to speak her wonder.

"Why," she said, "you must love the country in your heart, or you could never write like this; you make dear little pictures in your verses. I can't think why you ever chose to go into business instead of living here."

He flushed hotly, and began to pull the dry grass from the roots of the apple tree.

"I didn't know," he said. "I had no idea what business meant. I thought that in London I should have some chance of meeting intellectual people."

"That's a beautiful phrase," she said, sharply.

"Then I'll change it," he said, and the voice was a voice she had not heard before. "I wanted to get to London because I thought I had no chance here of meeting you. Oh, of course, I don't mean Miss Mabel Roscommon; but you don't suppose I have never dreamed of a woman like you, a woman who knows all the things I want to know, and never had the chance to know: a woman I could worship as I worship you, my scornful lady?"

His voice was hard, defiant, and her eyes were hard and scornful. She was very angry.

"And so you thought you would meet me, or my like, among the young ladies who serve 'in the mantles.' Thank you."

"You aren't a snob, really," he said quietly. "Please don't talk like one just to annoy me."

It was hard hitting—the gloves off on both sides. Each drew a long breath. The level shadows of the tree-trunks lay thick and black across the orchard grass.

"You despise me," he said; "don't try to make me despise you. Not that you could. I know you better than you know yourself. How could I know what chance there was for me in London? I have found you, and found you here. If I had gone to college—if my father had not sown wheat that year, I should be your social equal, and a gentleman."

"You have a good deal of faith in Oxford," she said, with cold malice.

"You'll only be sorry afterward," he said. "Why hit a man when he is down? I love you from your head to your feet. I love your voice, and your dear brown eyes, and that smile of yours. I love you, body, soul, and spirit; but I'm not worthy to tell you so. Forgive me and forget it. It was for you I wanted to go to college, for you I went to London. I was a fool, but it was for you, because I have dreamed of you all my life. Now I've told you, and it's all over."

"What are you going to do? Shall you go back to London?" Her voice was low, and not quite steady.

"No, I've had enough of that. I shall stay here and help my father to work the farm. Yes, I shall have books—I know you despise them, but that's because you have got all you want out of them. I shall help to farm the land, and look after my mother, and read, and try to forget you."

He had risen and stood looking down at her. She rose, too. They stood looking at each other. He was no longer a boy in her eyes—he was a man, and her master. She perceived now how the affectations that had annoyed her were not part of the man, but merely the trappings he had put on—foolishly, vainly put on—to gain her approval. She thought of his life, alone at the farm; she thought of her life, alone in the crowded high school. She raised her eyes to his, and her eyes were full of tears.

"Don't be unhappy about me," he said, eagerly. "I ought never to have told you, and it is not so hard, really, as if I had never known you, for then I could never have settled down here, where I really belong, and have done my plain duty. I should have wandered all over the world looking for you. Now I shall have the memory of you to keep me company, and I can do what I ought to have done long ago, and what I should have wanted to do but for wanting to find you. You are not to be unhappy—I am not; I am glad."

Her tears brimmed over and fell. This, then, was the nature he had thought too poor to show her; this the soul he had covered up with borrowed plumes.

"Forgive me," he said again. "I ought not to have told you, but I never thought it would hurt you like this. Believe me, I shall be glad all my life that I have known you, and all the farm and the fields about will be dear to me forever now. You will do me good, and not evil, all the days of your life."

She made two steps toward him, and laid her arm on his shoulder and her wet cheek to his.

"I will, please God," she said.

The borrowed plumes had fallen away, and there was nothing now between his soul and hers.

FILIPINO RESTAURANTS.

Glimpses of Manila by a Boy in the Thirteenth.

"I am feeling fine, but don't care to stay here any better than the other fellows. We are all tired of this place and will be glad when we start for home." So writes C. E. Blood, Company E, Thirteenth, to his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Blood of White Bear, from Manila, Nov. 18. He adds a good many interesting particulars, though, of the surroundings and manners and customs.

What impresses him most—after the freaks of weather, which is fine once in a while, but beastly when it rains, which is most of the time—is the easy way the natives have of living. The bulk of the population seems to subsist by feeding the soldiers. There is one restaurant where English meals are served.

"The cooks and waiters are all Filipinos. As soon as you sit down two or three of them will make a rush for you and before you know it have the food set before you. Over the tables are large flaps with ropes attached to them so that a native by pulling them keeps you quite cool. One of the waiters stands by your side and as fast as one dish is finished he takes it and brings you something else.

"Nearly every Filipino that can get some kind of a hut will have fried chicken, eggs, bread, tea and chocolate for sale with all kinds of fruits and drinks.

"Across the street from our quarters is a restaurant run by a couple of negroes from some boat. They put up a good American meal for fifty cents American money. Rather steep, but when rations get shy or the cook is sick, it is handy for us to get a good meal.

"Half a block down the street is a saloon run by Spaniards, where you can get fine ice cream for 20 centavos. It did not take long for these people to learn that the American soldiers are about as hungry a set of people as ever struck Manila. When we struck it we jarred the whole town so they could not help but know it. Every kind of a shop and store has something to eat in it. I would not be surprised if the hardware and dry goods stores started selling eggs and chickens.

"There are stores where they sell only Japanese goods and others where they sell only goods from China and India. The Chinamen are the best to deal with. The Filipinos and Spaniards try to do you out of as much as the stuff is worth. The money is very unhandy."

He has full size pictures drawn neatly in ink of the Mexican and Filipino coins and the ungainly pennies that men have to carry round like cord wood in bales.

And he tells how the natives live. They usually gather their own firewood, or they can buy enough to last two days for 2 cents. They hang the shallow pot with rice or chicken over a fire built of two sticks, which is their whole kitchen furniture. They use no knives nor forks, but make the rice into small balls and thrust it into their mouths with their fingers. They have no chairs, but squat on the floor, and seem to find it restful.

Their huts are made of bamboo or grass, the frames of bamboo and the sheathing of grass thatch. The floors are board, usually mahogany. The more prosperous have the houses sheathed with bamboo strips, and partitions of the same. The houses are all raised several feet from the ground, but there is no drainage, and when the dry season comes the reek of the filth is frightfully unhealthy.

But some of them are well educated, dress like Europeans, have good furniture, pianos or at least a harp, and hold good positions. They are all musical, and any of them can play the native guitar.

Altogether life there is highly interesting, but the best thing he can say about it is that they are hoping to get home in the spring.

HABITS OF THE HORSE.

Fear of Wolves, Speed of Colts and Habit of Shying.

Our Animal Friends: Another animal which, when in a state of nature, lives in droves is the horse. It is almost as defenseless as the sheep, and when a herd of wild horses is attached by wolves there is no escape but in flight. In its wild state the horse's natural habitat is on the open plains, not in mountainous regions, but on the steppes of Asia, and when attacked by wolves its only safety lies in its superior speed. If the young foal were not as swift as its parents it would fall an easy prey to the pursuer, and so, within a few generations, the wild horse might be utterly destroyed by its enemies. The curious thing is that the foal is quite as swift as its parents. When one looks at it, even in its domesticated condition, it seems to be all legs, and one is surprised to see how easily the slight body is borne along on those long legs beside the mother, even when she is running at her swiftest rate. In that fact lies the safety of the wild horse from destruction, and the thousands of generations in which that useful animal has been domesticated have brought no change in the peculiar conformation of the foal's limbs, though it is no longer needed for its original purpose.

Another curious thing is that one of the faults of the horse of which we are apt to complain, we mean the habit of shying, is a survival of an old habit which was useful and necessary when its ancestors were still roaming wild upon the plains. Then every horse was constantly on the outlook for an enemy, and it did not look only with one eye. It habitually kept turning its ear in all directions, so as to catch the slightest sound which should indicate the presence of danger. Not only when a wolf was seen did the herd take flight; any sound, as of the wolf breaking through the long grass, caused an instantaneous stampede, and something of that habit still survives. the horse seldom fears the objects which it sees unless they appear suddenly; but the sudden appearance of some light thing driven by the wind, or some slight sound that perhaps may not be heard by his master, may cause an instant and involuntary shy, such as the poor brute would instinctively make if he were still wild upon the plains. How unjust it is, and how utterly stupid, to justify his terror by whipping him for such a fault! To do so is to make him only so much the readier to shy again, remembering—and he is sure to remember— that, even if there has been no reason for his involuntary shying, there is something to dread immediately afterward. The only sensible way to deal with this remnant of wildness in the domesticated horse is to stop and let him feel that there is nothing to fear, and so break down the remnant of his old and perfectly natural habit of fright from possible danger.

Early Dutch Literature.

New York Commercial Advertiser: The beginnings of Dutch literature is lost in the darkness of the old German forest. There were songs of the rise of gods and heroes, made and sung by all men—sung by the bearded high priest to a great uncarved tree. The Gridrun became the national romance. Anglo-Saxon priests civilized these early Hollanders. Chivalry, honor and courage were then celebrated to the destruction of the old idols of cruelty and bloodshed; and by the thirteenth century the chief motive had become love, in such romantic, wandering poems as Beatrice and the Legend of Theophilus. Jacob Van Maerlandt, who lived at this time, was the father of Dutch poetry.

FROM THE KLONDYKE.

CHEERFUL UNDERTAKERS WHO PROMOTE THEIR BUSINESS.

Donkey Shooting the Five Fingers—Four Indian Boys Who Murdered One Man and Almost Killed Another—Warning of a San Francisco Clairvoyant.

(Special Letter.)

The ascent of the dread Chilkoot was not so bad as I had anticipated, but certainly it was bad enough. A severe snow storm was raging on the summit, and it was intensely cold. While I was struggling up the steep ascent a cadaverous looking man came up to me, and held out a card. He said he was a partner in the firm of Grimes & Grabenstein, undertakers and embalmers, and for $25 spot cash he would undertake to embalm me and send my corpse home to my friends, who must forward another $75 on its arrival. His firm "always gave satisfaction;" and he guaranteed that six months after death I should "look like a peach"—far better than I did now. He told me this in view of the many accidents which occurred there so frequently, over sixty people having lost their lives a few days previously in a big snow slide.

When the ice broke up we traveled from Bennett, some 600 miles, in a Peterboro' canoe. Five Finger rapids are not so dangerous as the celebrated White Horse rapids, but still require a great deal of skill to steer. At the time we went over the rapids a poor little donkey was drifting down on his own account. There are twelve separate and distinct drops going through, and each time the raft was whirled around and tossed up and down he looked the most amazed donkey I have ever seen. We had a good view as we shot through just behind him—"quite a family party," an unkind friend remarked.

Four Indian boys were tried and condemned for shooting two miners on McClintock River, near Lake Marsh. One man, Meeham, was killed outright, but the other, Fox, had a bullet through his right breast, but managed to go twelve miles to the police post, where he was found, having fainted through loss of blood. He recovered and gave evidence in Dawson, where I had an interview with him. He stated to me that the whole trip, with its sad fatality, was foretold to him by a San Francisco woman who was supposed to be gifted with second sight. She

INTERIOR OF HOTEL.

described the scene on the river and his friend being killed in the boat, but predicted that he would be saved. This gave him courage to keep on, although he felt every minute that he should drop through weakness.

The four Indian boys, the eldest of whom was only 16, seemed to have no ideas of right or wrong, and knew nothing of a God or Great Spirit; indeed, they showed scarcely the intelligence of many dumb animals. Their state is pitiable in the extreme. I believe it is exceedingly likely that they will be reprieved.

The snapshot of the interior of the hotel at Long Lake shows a shanty that is a typical specimen of the roughly constructed hotels throughout the country.

Fifty Years in One Choir.

After having sung for fifty years in the same church choir continuously, missing very few services, Messrs. Daniel Shaaber, Jacob Shaaber and James Hill of Reading, Pa., sent in their resignations because their voices were possibly not as good as the large congregation had a reasonable right to expect. The singers are now nearly 70 years old, but are still young and active in body and mind, and they can still sing in a manner that is wonderful to those who hear them. The brothers Shaaber say that the vocal organs of the throat hold out as well, possibly better, than the eyes, ears, arms, or limbs of the human body, if they are properly exercised and taken care of. They experience no difficulty in singing right along with the younger folks in the choir, but they now desire to quit because they imagine the congregation may want to hear new voices.

His Blindness.

"What has come between Miss Mifflin and Charley Rockingham? I noticed at the ball last night that they didn't speak to each other."

"He called at her house on Christmas, but didn't see the sprig of mistletoe that she had hung up in the parlor. Of course there is no excuse for a fellow who will make a mistake of that kind."

Sorry He Spoke.

"You know," said the collector, rather plaintively, "you said that you would pay me if I came today."

"Well," said Mr. Bildew, "you must bear in mind that human nature is human nature. The best of us sometimes say things that we are sorry for."

"SASSIETY" IN SITKA.

That dress suits should be considered important requisites in Sitka, Alaska, is a somewhat startling anomaly. The fact remains, however, that the most rigid social rules prevail. Whether it be a ball, a tea fight or a muffin struggle, evening dress is imperative. Dinner parties of ten and twelve courses very frequently occur, and since none of the officials come prepared to entertain on a lavish scale, every prospective hostess borrows from her neighbors. All day long preceding an important function a more or less intermittent procession of men, women and children and hand-carts may be seen carrying lamps and furniture, punch bowls, crockery, glass and silverware and other paraphernalia to the scene of festivity. Everybody lives in small, cramped quarters, and when an entertainment of unusual scope is desirable a vacant store or other unoccupied building is appropriated. Sometimes the court-room is denuded of its cumbrous furniture, the walls decorated with flags, bunches of the scarlet elderberry, fes-

MAIN STREET, SITKA.

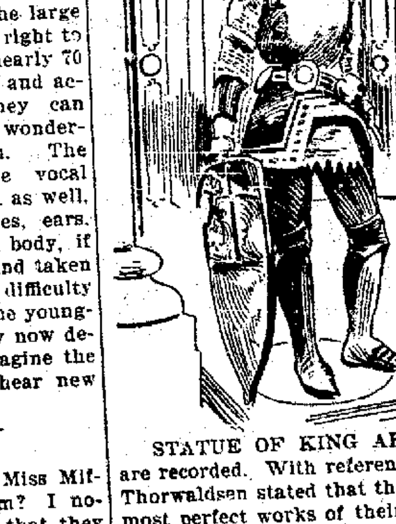
toons of spruce and cedar, moss and ferns, and behold an attractive and admirable ballroom. A guitar and concertina, or perhaps a couple of banjos and a flute, compose the more or less tuneful orchestra. Sandwiches of cucumbers or nasturtium leaves and blossoms are among the surprises of the refreshment table.

A CATHEDRAL KING ARTHUR.

There are few that have not heard of King Arthur's Round Table, which, history informs us, was preserved at Winchester, and shown by Henry VIII. to Francis I. of France. There are few also that have not read the immortal poems of Tennyson, showing Arthur to have been one of the noblest and greatest of hero kings and conquerors. But there are comparatively fewer still who have had the pleasure of seeing the magnificent effigy in bronze erected to his memory in the hofkirche, at Innsbruck.

The church was built in compliance with the will of the Emperor Maximilian I., A. D. 1558-69. His own imposing and splendid monument stands in the center of the nave, and on each side, like a guard of honor, a row of colossal figures in bronze, both male and female. Some are in armor of various types, and the women in quaint but gorgeous attire, according to the time in which they lived. There are no fewer than twenty-eight of these noble or royal personages, representing the emperor's ancestors, contemporaries or others. That of King Arthur and two others are attributed to the famous Peter Vischer of Nuremberg, and in Arthur we see the most noble and majestic figure of the series. The faces and forms of these august personages are said to be exact representations, and one could not fail to be impressed with this idea from the strongly marked and peculiar cast of features, the expression and the attitude, which give a striking individuality to so many among them.

King Arthur is given a place of special distinction, standing at the head of the fourteen statues to the left, as the spectator faces the high altar. This wonderful group—including the emperor himself, in bronze, kneeling on a large marble sarcophagus in the center—was not completed till the year 1593, under the Archduke Ferdinand, although it was commenced in 1509. Round the sarcophagus there are twenty-four reliefs in marble, in which the chief events of the emperor's life



STATUE OF KING ARTHUR.

are recorded. With reference to these, Thorwaldsen stated that they were the most perfect works of their kind.

A Medal of Blood.

It may not be generally known that Garibaldi was once presented with a medal made of his own blood. The giver was Dr. Manini of Naples, whose fame as a petrifier and preserver of the human body is acknowledged by all scientists. Mr. Manini, in offering his gift to the general, said that whenever he (the general) looked at it it would brace him up for the last fight; and across the medal were engraved the words: "The blood of Garibaldi is forever red." This strange medal is preserved by the general's descendants.

COLUMBUS, O., March 24, 1898.
LINCOLN MEDICINE CO., Columbus, O.:
Gentlemen:—I have suffered with Catarrh since 1880 and have expended over $100 for different remedies. I have taken offensive scabs from my nose an inch in length, and half the size of my finger. I have used one-half jar of Lincoln's Catarrh Balm and one bottle of Lincoln's Constitutional Catarrh Cure. I can now breathe naturally. The scabs in my nose have disappeared and I feel better than I have for years. I have received more benefit from Lincoln's Constitutional Catarrh Cure and Lincoln's Catarrh Balm, than from all other medicines combined.
C. F. SCHUMACKER,
219 Neil Avenue, Columbus.
For sale at Vortkamp's, Melville's and Ashton's drug stores. tf

NO GAS, NO PAIN.
Teeth extracted without pain. Vitalized Air or Gas given if desired.
DR. McINDOE,
Cincinnati Block. Both 'Phones.

Dr. A. W. Kahle, 10½ West Spring St., Bell 'Phone 146, Lima 'Phone 199.
Dr. R. D. Kahle, 807 West North St., Lima 'Phone 86.
DRS. KAHLE & KAHLE,
Harper Block, cor. Main and North Street, Lima Telephone 104. Lima, Ohio.

W. A. SMITH,
Slate and Tin and Steel Roofing.
Asphalt gravel roofing. All kinds of spouting and tin work promptly attended to. Corrugated iron roofing a specialty.
200 South Main St. New Phone 308

PHILLIP ALBERT,
Ladies' Hair Dressing, Shampooing and Manicuring room. Face steaming and massaging a specialty.
Room 9 Holmes Block, N. Main St.
He does all kinds of fine hair work and invites all to call and see him. Chiropodist specialist. Special attention given to the treatment of the scalp and hair.
Switches, $1.50 up. Wave and Bangs $1.00 up.

What's the Matter With KANSAS.
Kansas Owns (in round numbers) 900,000 horses and mules, 550,000 milch cows, 1,800,000 other cattle, 2,400,000 swine and 225,000 sheep.
Its Farm Products this year include 150,000,000 bushels of corn, 60,000,000 bushels of wheat and millions upon millions of dollars in value of other grains, fruits, vegetables, etc.
In debts alone it has a shortage.
Send for free copy of "What's the Matter with Kansas?"—a new book of 96 pages of facts.
General Passenger office,
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, Chicago.

CHIROPODIST.
Facial Massage, Scalp Treatment Manicuring.
Ingrowing toe nails cured, corns and bunions removed without pain. All work guaranteed. Prices reasonable. Will call at residence if desired.
Office hours from 2 until 6.
North West corner of Spring and Elizabeth Streets.

TODD BROTHER'S
NEW MACHINE SHOPS.
We do a general line of repairing of all kinds. Pipe cutting a specialty. We have the only machine in Lima that can cut pipe from 2½ to 8 inches. Prices reasonable. Work satisfactory. When you want anything in our line give us a call.
119 S. CENTRAL AVENUE.

Steam and Hot Water Heating.
Pluming and gas fitting, Sinks, cistern pumps, lawn hose, hose reels and hose nozzles. Also agent for the Cleveland beer pumps and all beer pump supplies. Incandescent gas lamps 75c, complete.
J. M. McVEY,
119 E Hight Street.

Wealth and Beauty.
A lovely Complexion, Rosy Cheeks, Bright Eyes, Perfect Form, by using Lincoln's Life Wine, a Vegetable Compound. A Uterine Tonic for Female Weakness, strengthens the ligaments so that the organs are kept in place. It gives quick relief and cures all weakness and diseases of those delicate organs, it fits women for the highest duties of her sex—wifehood and motherhood, and costs only $1 per bottle. For sale by Vortkamp, Melville and Ashton.

RHEUMATIC! A Guaranteed Cure for Rheumatism for sale by Hover's and J. N. Cunningham. misly

The Point
To always bear in mind is that no business ever was successful without proper publicity. Place an ad. in these columns and watch your business grow. Others have done so with profit. Try it.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

GRAND JURY

Failed to Indict Anyone in Connection With North Street Paving Contract.

THE MATTER WAS NOT TAKEN UP

Until the Last Minute But Will be Investigated Further Later on ----A Few Shadows Cast Upon the Actions of Lima's City Paps----The People be D----

As was exclusively stated in the NEWS yesterday, every member of the city council was examined by the grand jury. It was not known at the time, whether the North street paving contract or the awarding of the natural gas franchise, was up for consideration. It has been learned since however, that it was the former. Some ugly stories are being circulated and it has been rumored that frequent attempts have been made to buy up certain officials, but of course these attempts were unsuccessful—of course. The NEWS, however, is at a loss to understand why the council in several instances has awarded contracts under protests of the people who pay the taxes. For instance, every laboring man in the city remonstrated against the awarding of a franchise to the Lima Natural Gas Company for ten years, an indignation meeting was held by the citizens, and some of the people went so far as to threaten some of the men of semi-circle fame—but in the face of all this the contract was awarded and the "big eight" have passed through the cold wave without a chill.

Then there's the North street paving contract. The Columbia Construction Company was the lowest bidder by a few dollars, but as this company had just completed one of the vilest jobs of street paving ever perpetrated upon any city, the people of west North street remonstrated. Did it do them any good?

GREAT

CLEARANCE SALE

OF

Millinery, Capes, Wraps Ladies' Furnishing Goods.

Beginning to-day and continuing through February, we will offer all the goods in our stock without profit to us. See prices below:

Fine Pattern Hats, worth $8	$3.50
Fine Trimmed Hats, worth $7	3.00
Fine Trimmed Hats, worth $5	2.00
Fine Trimmed Hats, worth $4	1.75
Fine Trimmed Hats, worth $3	1.00
Fine Trimmed Hats, worth $2	75c
Fine Trimmed Hats, worth $1.75	50c

THESE GOODS MUST MOVE NOW,

And if you will help move them you will make Good Money by doing so. They will sell at these prices as they are all newly trimmed. We still have a good assortment of . . . .

Fur Collarettes AND *Plush Capes*

Which we will close at astonishingly low prices.

We Will Save You Big Money on the Above.

Of Winter Underwear we have a large stock, and will sell you

Union Suits, wioth 85c, at 50c.

Handkerchiefs, Kid Gloves, Corsets and hosiery at a great sacrifice.

Full Line of Stamped Linens.

Ladies' fine Underskirts worth $2.75 for $1.50. Satin Waists at cost. Flannel Light Dresses worth $1.25 for 65c. We mean what we say. Come and be convinced and get these bargains if you want to save money.

Very Respectfully,

MRS. F. LIGHT.

ELEVEN

Indictments Were Made By The Grand Jury.

OVER ONE HUNDRED

Witnesses Were Examined—Other News From The Temple of Justice.

The grand jury completed its work at 4:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon; after being in session five days Twenty-one cases were before them, 127 witnesses were examined and eleven indictments were found. The jail is reported in good condition. Among the indictments are John Smith, colored, charged with carrying concealed weapons. Smith is the man who went to his home on east High street several months ago and terrorized the neighborhood. It was his alleged wife who got George Madison into trouble.

Clarence Roebuck, forging and uttering a forged check. Roebuck is said to have signed D F. Fetter's name to a check for $9.50.

Otto Steinman, horse stealing. Steinman is the lad who gave the police the slip so often. He is charged with stealing a horse from R. E. Carter at Tocsin, Ind. His is also charged with the conversion of property received in bailment.

Bert C. Cochran, burglary and larceny. Cochran comes from a good family in Spencerville, He is accused of breaking into a saloon and robbing a slot-machine.

Charles Mitchell, unlawfully pointing firearms at Henry Moss. Mitchell was tenant of Moss and the trouble grew out of a dispute about rent.

T. F. Robinson, two counts, forgery and uttering forged papers. Robinson is the fellow who was recently brought back to Lima from New Jersey.

D. G. Hallebach, alias J. C. Harbach, C. J. Harbach, E. W. Lowe, F. B. Bond, N. Nicol, E. A. Armstead, R. B. Jameson, uttering a forged check. Hallibach is the individual who has been worrying the hotels for some time. His play at the Burnet house finally got him into trouble.

REAL ESTATE.

Adah E. Huntzer and husband to Charles A. Huntzer, part of inlot 1186 in Clymer's addition, $800.

E. A. Bogart, Sheriff, to E. B. Friscoe, part of inlot 2,603 in Goodenow's addition, $523.

Fannie Hughes to John Hughes, et al., quit claim to part of outlot 165, inlot 762 in Lima, $1,000.

William Tschan and wife to Charles J. Ressman, part of inlot 108 in Bluffton, $1.

NEW SUITS.

W. A. Phillips, guardian of Archie Phillips, petitioned to lease land for oil purposes.

Conductor Thomas Strohl, of the L. E. & W., who has charge of the Minster accommodation, slipped and fell from the top of a car at St. Marys yesterday. His injuries are not of a serious nature.

Go to Watson's where you have a stock to select from.

CARD OF THANKS.

We desire to express our heartfelt thanks to the many friends and neighbors who showed their kindness and sympathy during the illness and death of our beloved mother, Barbara Shultz, and also for the beautiful floral offerings. THE CHILDREN.

H. F. Reel will loan you from $1 to $100 dollars on personal property—bargains in unredeemed watches, rings, diamonds, and etc., 210 east Market. t-t-s.

Watson has a 3-pound Raspberry at 10c, a can.

Oil Markets.

North Lima,	$ 80
South Lima,	75
Pennsylvania,	1 15
Tiona,	1.28
New Castle,	90
Barnesville,	1 05
Corning,	98
Indiana,	75

Simon's Special for To-day.

Special assorted Gum Waffers, 9c a pound to-day only.

WAR

On The Standard Still Being Waged By The

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Monnett Taking Testimony at Marietta.—The City is an Important Center of Oil Products.

A dispatch from Marietta says: Attorney General Monnett, who is attempting to oust the Standard Oil company from doing business in Ohio, took testimony here to-day. E. B. Kinkead is assisting Monnett, and Virgil P. Kline, M. F. Elliott and A. D. Follett are representing the Standard. This city is an important center of oil products. Evidence has been perfected tending to show connection between the Seaboard National Bank of New York, the Seep Purchasing Agency, the Buckeye Pipe Line Company, the Standard Oil Company, of Ohio and the Ohio Oil Company From the evidence it appears that all are a part and a parcel of the Standard Oil Trust, with the Ohio Oil Company as the producer, the Buckeye the transporter and the Standard and Solar Oil Companies the refiners. The connecting link between the Eureka and Buckeye Pipe Lines was also developed, thus showing the shipment of oil to the seaboard.

WATSON'S WEATHER.

Fair to-night and to-morrow.

Wm. Mehaffey went to Columbus last night.

John. H. Branan has Houses to sell, Houses to trade and Houses to Rent. Room 57 and 58 Opera House block. 3 t-9

You can get what you want at Watson's.

The editor of the Evans City, Pa., Globe, writes: "One Minute Cough Cure is rightly named It cured my children after all other remedies failed." It cures coughs, colds and all throat and lung troubles. H. F. Vortcamp, north-east corner of Main and North streets.

NINE CANDIDATES

Receive The Degree of The Prince of Caliples Last Night.

Nine candidates were initiated into the mysteries of the order of the Knights of Golden Eagle last night. Wayne Chapter was assisted by the boys from the South Side in confering the degree of the Prince of Caliples on these gentlemen; A H. Deck, W. H. Neise, H. Faurney, W. Dempster. A Markley, I. Lawrance, W. Brookhart and W. Mourey. A nice lunch was served after the work.

When you want groceries at the proper price go to Watson's.

Messrs. Aiken and Redway will start a well on the D. A. Hadsell farm north east of the city next week.

If you have a property you want to sell or trade, see John H. Brannan. Rooms 57 and 58 Opera House block. 3-t

Miss Nora Bresler, of the Lima Business College has taken a position in John H. Brannans real estate office.

Mr. S A Fackler, editor of the Micanopy (Fla.) Hustler, with his wife and children, suffered terribly from La Grippe. One Minute Cough Cure was the only remedy that helped them. It acted quickly. Thousands of others use this remedy as a specific for La Grippe, and its exhausting after effects. H F. Vortkamp, northaast corner Main and North streets.

IF YOU HAVE La GRIPPE A SURE CURE IS PURE RYE WHISKEY, WHICH Can be had at the CALIFORNIA WINE CO.

AWFUL TRAGEDY.

Terrible Ending of a Love Affair at Westminster This Morning.

FRANK BLAIR, OF THIS CITY, KILLS

His Rival, Shoots His Sweetheart and Then Sends a Bullet Into His Own Brain.

Westminster, the usual quiet little village seven miles southeast of Lima, was startled about 11-30 o'clock this morning by an awful tragedy.

Frank Blair, a young man whose parents live near Westminster, and who graduated from the Lutheran college in this city, has for the past year been keeping company with Miss Mary Anderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Anderson, and it is said they were to have been married to-day.

It seems that Blair had a rival in the person of Edward Bavard, also of Westminster. Blair accompanied the young lady to church last night and ate breakfast at the family table this morning and was apparently happy when Mr. and Mrs. Anderson left this morning for this city. A telephone message was received at 11:30 this morning by Coroner Burton saying Frank Blair had killed Ed Bavard, himself and wounded Miss Anderson. The coroner accompanied by Dr. Vail at once left for the scene of the tragedy.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Anderson were interviewed this afternoon by the NEWS They had just learned of the terrible affair and were hurrying home. Mrs. Anderson stated that her daughter had been keeping company with Blair, for a year and that she opposed their marriage. She said Mr. Bavard, an oil man, had called on her daughter of recent date and that the terrible act was no doubt the result of jealousy.

Miss Lola Blair, employed as stenographer in the office of P. A. Kahle, is a sister of Frank Blair, and when informed of the shooting remarked "Isn't this awful, this was to have been his wedding day."

At 3 o'clock word was received that Miss Anderson was dead, but as the physicians have not yet returned, this report could not be confirmed.

FUNERAL

Of Henry Gould Will be Held Sunday Afternoon.

The funeral services of Henry Gould who dropped dead yesterday morning, will be held from his late residence in the Fall block, Sunday afternoon at 1.30 o'clock. Deceased was a K of P and the following notice has been issued by Lima Lodge:

Lima Lodge No. 91, Knights of Pythias will meet in Castle Hall, Sunday Feb. 5th, at 9:30 p m, promptly, to arrange for the funeral of Brother Henry Gould, of Triumph Lodge, No. 73, Urbana, Ill. It has been the personal request of Mrs. H. Gould that Lima Lodge should take charge of the deceased brother. Funeral will be held at the residence—Fall block, 1-30 p m, Sunday. G. W STOUT, C. C.

You never see them loafing around Watson's.

HIS FATHER DEAD.

Mr. Ayers, father of Will Ayers, of this city died at his home in Dayton, yesterday noon, Mr. Ayers has been at his bedside during his last illness.

Simon's Special for To-day.

Special assorted Gum Waffers, 9c a pound to-day only.

To Secure Your Trade,

We must secure your confidence, to do that we would have you come and investigate our offerings; verify our statements by a personal inspection. You will be surprised at the ridiculously low prices asked for such high grade wear.

Ladies' Kersey Jacket—Box Front—Coat Collar—Full Silk Lined—Perfectly Stitched originally, worth $22.00 for . . . . . $12.

Covert Cloth Jackets—Four and six button—Box front—Welted Seams—Full Silk lined—Thoroughly Tailored—Splendid values . . . . . $6.98.

Boucle Cloth Jackets—High standing collars—Coat collars—Four and six button front—Rhadama Silk lining—Italian cloth lining—A "Lot" to choose, $4.98.

Boucle Capes—Italian cloth lining—Self faced—Thibet fur edge on collar and front, closing price $3.00.

G. E. BLUEM, 57 Public Square.

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